

R. G. INGERSOLL
DION BOUCICAULT
HENRY GEORGE
In This Number.

EDGAR FAWCETT
Gen. CLINTON B. FISK
HELENA MODJESKA
In February Arena.

Vol. 1.

JANUARY, 1890.

No. 2.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY
B. O. FLOWER.

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MENTION "THE ARENA."

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMONG the many leading thinkers who will contribute able papers to THE ARENA during the next two or three months, we mention the following well-known names. Others will be announced in due time, but these will give our readers an idea of the class of thinkers who will be represented in THE ARENA at an early day.

Edgar Fawcett,
George B. Cheever, D. D.,
Gen. Clinton B. Fisk,
Rev. Howard Crosby,
Rabbi Solomon Schindler,
Richard Hodgson, LL. D.,
Rev. Minot J. Savage,
Prof. J. Rodas Buchanan,

Helena Modjeska,
N. P. Gilman,
M. L. Dickinson,
W. E. Manley, D. D.
Helen Campbell,
A. C. Wheeler,
Junius Henri Browne,
W. H. H. Murray.

EDGAR FAWCETT contributes a remarkable poem to the February ARENA, entitled "In the Year Ten Thousand." It is written in a most charming style and represents two citizens of the great city of Manaltia, once New York, conversing of the long-vanished ages, when poverty and crime nestled 'neath the shadows of numerous warring churches, when prison and cathedral rose on a common street. In other words, they converse about our day and generation. The poem is rich in suggestive hints. It reveals in a vivid manner the injustice of our present social system and the comparative failure of our civilization to accomplish what should be accomplished for mankind.

THE NO NAME SERIES.—In our February issue we will publish the initial paper of a "No Name Series." The contributors will in all cases be leading thinkers and writers. We should be pleased to have all readers of THE ARENA send us the name of the person they believe to be the author of "Why and Because," the opening paper of the No Name Series, after they have carefully read the contribution. The writer is well-known over the length and breadth of this land as well as in Europe; he has contributed much to the magazine literature of this country.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., whose remarkable papers in the *North American Review*, on "Capital Punishment," a few years since, called forth such general comment, is preparing a paper for the February ARENA on the "Nature and Duration of Future Punishment," as taught in the Holy Scriptures, which will be a defence of the doctrine of endless punishment. All who are acquainted with Dr. CHEEVER's writings will appreciate the statement that this will be a remarkably scholarly contribution. Later Dr. CHEEVER will discuss the "Fallacy of Modern Spiritualism."

GEN. CLINTON B. FISK, late candidate for the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket, and the Rev. HOWARD CROSBY are to review HENRY GEORGE'S

paper, which appears in this issue on the "Rum Question." Gen. Fisk will answer it from a Prohibitionist point of view, while Dr. Crosby will reply for the advocates of high license. A general discussion of this character cannot fail to accomplish much good, and probably never before has there been a discussion of this great problem from three distinctive positions in which the contestants were so pre-eminently qualified to ably defend their views as Mr. GEORGE, Gen. Fisk, and Dr. CROSBY.

HELENA MODJESKA, who stands so high, not only as a talented actress but also as one of the ladies of culture and refinement who have contributed much toward the elevation of the stage, will appear in our next issue in a brilliant paper containing personal reminiscences of *débuts* in five different nations.

N. P. GILMAN, whose remarkable work on "Profit Sharing" received the unusual distinction of a gold medal at the late Exposition in Paris, will contribute a very noteworthy paper to the February ARENA on "Profit Sharing." This will be one of the series of thoughtful contributions on the social question which THE ARENA is giving its readers monthly.

THE OTHER SIDE.—This month we publish two papers on "Nationalistic Socialism." In an early issue representative thinkers on the other side will defend "Individualism." Only by free and fair discussion can we hope to arrive at the truth.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D., one of the founders of the American Society for Psychical Research, and at present its secretary, will have a paper in our next issue on "Ghosts." Mr. HODGSON was one of the charter members of the English society before coming to America, and his paper will, without doubt, be valuable from a scientific point of view, as well as intensely interesting.

W. E. MANLEY, D. D., contributes a paper on "Eternal Punishment Viewed from Orthodox Strongholds," which will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA. It should be widely read, especially by students of the Bible.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE, whose many able papers have added much to the intellectual worth of the *Forum*, is preparing a paper for THE ARENA, entitled "What Is Religion?"

A. C. WHEELER, probably the brightest and most incisive dramatic critic of the day, will answer DION BOUCCICAULT's "Spots on the Sun," which appears in this issue. All Shakespearian students will be greatly interested in this discussion.

REV. HEBER NEWTON will have a contribution in an early number of THE ARENA.

RABBI SCHINDLER, whose thoughtful contribution on the "Public School Question" has elicited such general praise, will appear in the next ARENA on the "Present Status of Religious Thought in Germany." Mr. SCHINDLER spent last summer in Germany, studying the religious and social conditions of the Prussian Empire, and his contribution will be one of the most noteworthy contributions to current magazine literature.

THE press notices of THE ARENA have been remarkably gratifying, especially those of leading journals and representative organs of thought. In two or three instances minor publications have assailed THE ARENA, the following being the most conspicuous illustration. It is taken from the *Catholic Review* of Dec. 7:

"We mention THE ARENA for the first and last time. The first number suffices to tell the scope it will take; anti-Christian, anti-Irish, anti-Catholic, atheistic, and socialistic will be its chief characteristics. It will contain more falsehoods to the square inch than any other anti-Catholic publication in the world." (*Italics are ours.*)

There we are, as the editor of the *Review* sees us. All we have to say is that it is a pity the aforesaid editor was not born four hundred years ago; then his temper would not have been so ruffled as to allow him by inference to claim the possibility of Catholic journals telling more falsehoods than THE ARENA, as he does above. It is sad when a man is born out of time. Only think how happy the editor of the *Review* might have been had he lived when the fagot, the rack, and the dungeon awaited all who insisted on giving every side an opportunity of being heard — who demanded full, free, and fair discussion on all great issues of the hour.

We do not believe that the great mass of intelligent Catholics of America sympathize with the editor of the *Review*, and to the intelligent Catholics we have but this to say: If your ablest and best representatives are not heard in THE ARENA it will be through no lack of effort on our part. We will make as earnest an effort to secure papers from them as from representative men in other lines of thought and those who hold views contrary to the tenets of Catholicism. Our sentiments in this respect are most perfectly voiced by one of England's greatest poets in the following: "Let truth and error grapple. The friends of truth ought not to fear the issue of a free encounter."

We enjoy antitheses. Here is how the Rev. SOLON LAUER, one of the most gifted, scholarly, and truly spiritual young Unitarian clergymen of New England, closes a letter strongly commending THE ARENA: "If you continue as you have begun, THE ARENA must become the foremost magazine of these new and disturbed times."

And this is what Miss FRANCES WILLARD, the head and front of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, says in a letter to the editor: "I like your magazine — its plan and methods." And we could fill hundreds of pages with encomiums received from representative thinkers did we desire to do so.

NEXT month we conclude the "Legend of the Saguenay." In March will appear the first half of its companion idyl, "Ungava," one of the most exquisite prose poems yet written and a most valuable contribution to the literature of our continent.

HELEN CAMPBELL, whose name has become almost a household word in this country as well as England, through her efforts in behalf of the poor, will contribute a remarkably interesting paper on "Child Labor," for an early number of THE ARENA.

PRESS NOTICES.

We give below a few brief extracts from the many hundreds of commendatory notices of THE ARENA given by the American press. We have selected almost at random, endeavoring to give representative press opinions from the various classes of journals throughout the land.

Full of mental stimulus, of breadth and vitality, it merits the success it will undoubtedly achieve.—*Boston Traveller*.

This magazine will stand at the head of literature of a superior sort, and is more particularly designed for educated minds.—*New York Times*.

If the editor of THE ARENA can keep subsequent numbers up to the standard of the present, he need have no fear as to the success of the enterprise.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE ARENA attracts attention to its opening number by the range, force, and freshness of its contributions. True to the thought implied in its title, it precipitates itself into the periodical world with a boldness of challenge which demands consideration. Its obvious purpose is to furnish a medium in which anyone who really has anything to say, however radical, and has the ability to say it well and clearly, shall have an opportunity.—*Boston Journal*.

Judging from this first number of THE ARENA we should say that it was likely to be a formidable rival to its prototypes, the *Forum* and the *North American Review*. It will be, probably, more liberal than either, more consistent in its policy most certainly than the latter, outspoken, fearless, written by persons of recognized authority, holding to the higher ideals in religion, politics, and education, dealing with burning questions of the day in a comprehensive and concise manner, and, in a word, aiming to elevate as well as to inform the minds of its readers. Clearly THE ARENA must at once be placed on one's select list of periodicals.—*The Beacon (Boston)*.

THE ARENA is a fine magazine of the best writings.—*N. O. Picayune*.

If the liberal spirit and philosophic breadth which characterizes this first number of THE ARENA are an earnest of what we may expect from future issues, the new periodical should receive a hearty welcome from all students of the times.—*New York Home Journal*.

THE ARENA is a new venture in the magazine world. The December, or initial, number introduces to the public such writers as Rev. Minot J. Savage, W. H. H. Murray, Mary A. Livermore, Helen Campbell, O. B. Frothingham, C. A. Bartol, and others.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times*.

A great, progressive exponent of modern thought, and promises to give special prominence to the leading moral, social, and economic problems of the day.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express*.

Still another new magazine for the entertainment and instruction of a public which seems never to tire of this form of literature! This latest comer is THE ARENA, edited by Mr. B. O. Flower. It aims high, and in the first number it comes reasonably near hitting the mark. The table of contents shows that it is to be regarded as a competitor with the *North American Review* and the *Forum* rather than with those periodicals devoted to general literature. Altogether THE ARENA promises to be a valuable addition to the list of American monthlies.—*Boston Daily Post*.

THE ARENA is the title of a new Boston magazine which has already begun its career, and which, from reading its first number, may have the merit, we think, of entering a hitherto unoccupied field. In the first number it discusses religious, educational, and social questions, bringing to the front men and women who have something to say on the issues of the day, and know how to say it well. The two reviews which now discuss living issues are somewhat heavily loaded down with political and economic articles, and there is an unoccupied field in the free treatment of ethical and social questions, which the new magazine, if it shall keep to its pledge of openness to all parties, may enter in and possess without difficulty.—*Boston Daily Herald*.

The initial number of THE ARENA strikes at once the key-note of its character, which is that of a progressive exponent of modern thought. Its list of contributors includes some of the ablest thinkers of our

time on those subjects which are most present to the minds of intelligent people. The table of contents is in itself the best exposition of the worth of the new publication. It is as follows: "Agencies That Are Working a Revolution in Theology," Rev. Minot J. Savage; "The Religious Question," W. H. H. Murray; "History in the Public Schools," Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "The Development of Genius by Proper Education," Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan; "The Democracy of Labor Organization," George E. McNeill; "Centuries of Dishonor," Mary A. Livermore; "A Threatened Invasion of Religious Freedom," Hudson Tuttle; "Certain Convictions as to Poverty," by Helen Campbell; "Poverty and Crime in our Great Cities," by N. P. Gilman; "Is Poverty Increasing?" O. B. Frothingham; "Our Poor," O. P. Gifford; "The Word God in our Constitution," Rev. C. A. Bartol. The editorial skill that can bring together such a felicitously-selected and ingeniously-diversified literary *menu* that is sure to whet the appetites of all who are alive to the problems that agitate human forces in our times, can be depended on to create a magazine that will become a permanent and potent factor in shaping modern thought.—*The American Hebrew*.

The first number of THE ARENA, edited by B. O. Flower and published in Boston, is a fine specimen of a high-class magazine. It is elegant in appearance, worthful in matter, and, what is best of all, fully abreast of the advanced thought of the day upon religious and social questions. The editor will make it the most acceptable magazine in the country to persons who are living, intellectually, in the twentieth century.—*Twentieth Century*.

It is evident from a glance at its pages that a moral purpose and great culture are back of the magazine, and the contributors to the initial number have struck their highest notes.—*Troy (N. Y.) Daily Press*.

Gives promise of being one of the most ably edited in the country. THE ARENA is worthy of the great New England school of thinkers and statesmen. It will continue the days of Emerson and Phillips, as well as bring current comment up to what it should be at the close of the nineteenth century.—*Columbus (Ohio) Journal*.

THE ARENA is a handsome and well-edited addition to the growing list of American reviews, and if the initial number may be taken as an index to its character, it will have no difficulty in finding a field and a large one.—*Duluth (Minn.) Daily News*.

It is mechanically a handsome magazine and intellectually one of the ablest.—*Decatur (Ill.) Evening Bulletin*.

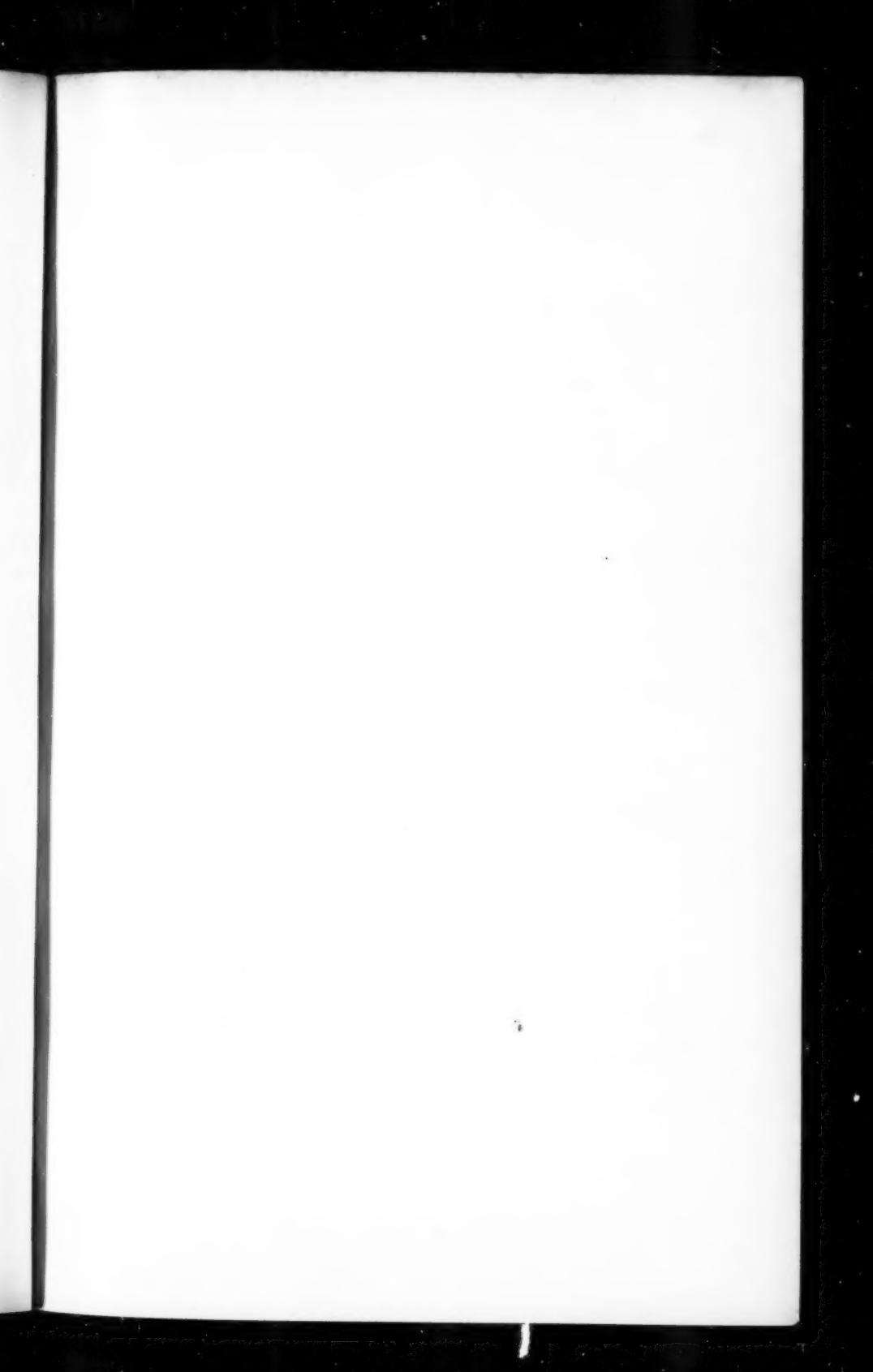
Unquestionably a live magazine. As its name would lead one to suppose, its articles have the ring of the gladiator's sword about them.—*Truth (Toronto, Canada)*.

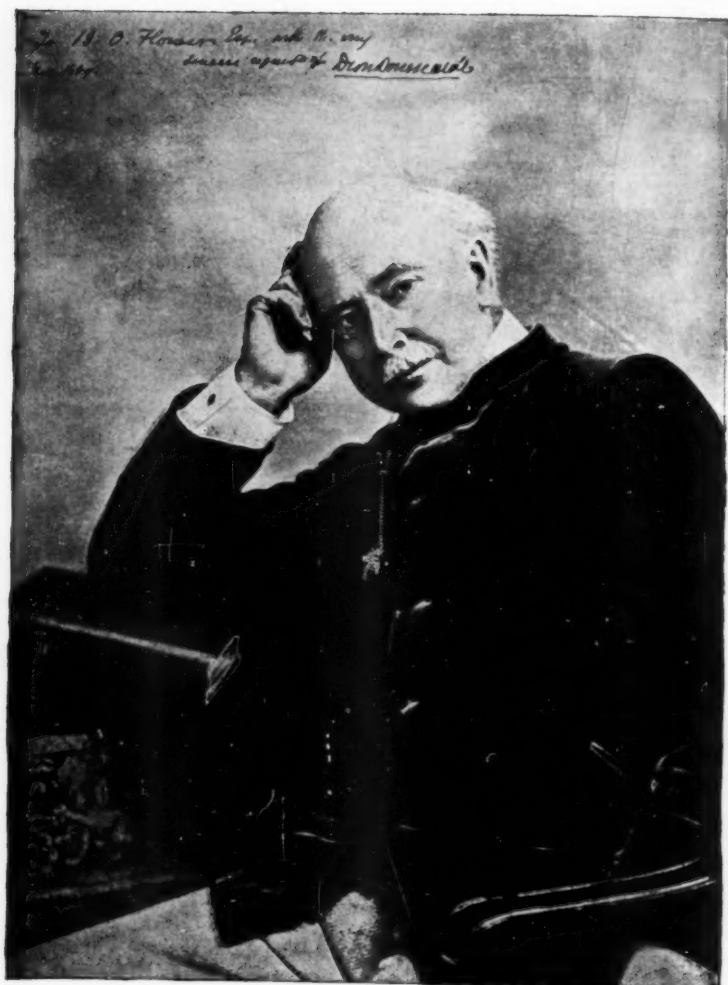
This first number is full of vigorous and progressive thought. Its editor, B. O. Flower, has a most laudable spirit of liberality and progress, combined with sound judgment and good taste.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man*.

Judging from the first number, THE ARENA is likely to become the field upon which the knights of advanced ideas, and giants of intellect who have gained their spurs in many a contest, will marshal the forces of advanced thought, and bring under discussion all the great questions that concern our higher civilization.—*The Hebrew Standard (New York)*.

THE ARENA, the new Boston monthly magazine, makes a good showing in its treatment of timely social and ethical questions, and by its serious aims challenges the attention of thoughtful readers.—*The Critic (New York)*.

THE ARENA is a handsome magazine, devoted to the affairs of the age, excellently gotten up and ably edited, with a staff of writers whose names are the guarantee of a proper presentation of the matters they treat upon. It bids fair to become a leader among the monthlies.—*Baltimore Free Press*.





15. Sept. 1897

THE ARENA.

No. II.

JANUARY, 1890.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

IN this country it is admitted that the power to govern resides in the people themselves; that they are the only rightful source of authority. For many centuries before the formation of our Government, before the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, the people had but little voice in the affairs of nations. The source of authority was not in this world; kings were not crowned by their subjects, and the sceptre was not held by the consent of the governed. The king sat on his throne by the will of God, and for that reason was not accountable to the people for the exercise of his power. He commanded, and the people obeyed. He was lord of their bodies, and his partner, the priest, was lord of their souls. The government of earth was patterned after the kingdom on high. God was a supreme autocrat in heaven, whose will was law, and the king was a supreme autocrat on earth, whose will was law. The God in heaven had inferior beings to do his will, and the king on earth had certain favorites and officers to do his. These officers were accountable to him, and he was responsible to God.

The Feudal system was supposed to be in accordance with the divine plan. The people were not governed by intelligence, but by threats and promises, by rewards and punish-

ments. No effort was made to enlighten the common people; no one thought of educating a peasant — of developing the mind of a laborer. The people were created to support thrones and altars. Their destiny was to toil and obey — to work and want. They were to be satisfied with huts and hovels, with ignorance and rags, and their children must expect no more. In the presence of the king they fell upon their knees, and before the priest they grovelled in the very dust. The poor peasant divided his earnings with the State, because he imagined it protected his body; he divided his crust with the Church, believing that it protected his soul. He was the prey of Throne and Altar — one deformed his body, the other his mind — and these two vultures fed upon his toil. He was taught by the king to hate the people of other nations, and by the priest to despise the believers in all other religions. He was made the enemy of all people except his own. He had no sympathy with the peasants of other lands enslaved and plundered like himself. He was kept in ignorance, because education is the enemy of superstition, and because education is the foe of that egotism often mistaken for patriotism.

The intelligent and good man holds in his affections the good and true of every land — the boundaries of countries are not the limitations of his sympathies. Caring nothing for race, or color, he loves those who speak other languages and worship other Gods. Between him and those who suffer, there is no impassable gulf. He salutes the world, and extends the hand of friendship to the human race. He does not bow before a provincial and patriotic God — one who protects his tribe or nation, and abhors the rest of mankind.

Through all the ages of superstition, each nation has insisted that it was the peculiar care of the true God, and that it alone had the true religion — that the gods of other nations were false and fraudulent, and that other religions were wicked, ignorant and absurd. In this way the seeds of hatred have been sown, and in this way have been kindled the flames of war. Men have had no sympathy with those of a different complexion, with those who knelt at other altars and expressed their thoughts in other words — and even a difference in garments placed them beyond the sympathy of others. Every peculiarity was the food of prejudice and the excuse for hatred.

The boundaries of nations were at last crossed by commerce. People became somewhat acquainted, and they found that the virtues and vices were quite evenly distributed. At last subjects became somewhat acquainted with kings — peasants had the pleasure of gazing at princes, and it was dimly perceived that the differences were mostly in rags and names.

In 1776 our fathers endeavored to retire the gods from politics. They declared that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This was a contradiction of the then political ideas of the world; it was, as many believed, an act of pure blasphemy — a renunciation of the Deity. It was in fact a declaration of the independence of the earth. It was a notice to all churches and priests that thereafter mankind would govern and protect themselves. Politically it tore down every altar and denied the authority of every "sacred book," and appealed from the Providence of God to the Providence of Man.

Those who promulgated the Declaration adopted a Constitution for the great Republic.

What was the office or purpose of that Constitution?

Admitting that all power came from the people, it was necessary, first, that certain means be adopted for the purpose of ascertaining the will of the people; and second, it was proper and convenient to designate certain departments that should exercise certain powers of the government. There must be the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments. Those who make laws should not execute them. Those who execute laws should not have the power of absolutely determining their meaning or their constitutionality. For these reasons, among others, a constitution was adopted.

This constitution also contained a declaration of rights. It marked out the limitations of discretion, so that in the excitement of passion men shall not go beyond the point designated in the calm moment of reason.

When man is unprejudiced, and his passions subject to reason, it is well he should define the limits of power, so that the waves driven by the storm of passion shall not overbear the shore.

A constitution is for the government of man in this world. It is the chain the people put upon their servants, as well

as upon themselves. It defines the limit of power and the limit of obedience.

It follows, then, that nothing should be in a constitution that cannot be enforced by the power of the State — that is, by the Army and Navy. Behind every provision of the constitution should stand the force of the nation. Every sword, every bayonet, every cannon should be there.

Suppose, then, that we amend the Constitution and acknowledge the existence and supremacy of God — what becomes of the supremacy of the people, and how is this amendment to be enforced? A constitution does not enforce itself. It must be carried out by appropriate legislation. Will it be a crime to deny the existence of this Constitutional-God? Can the offender be proceeded against in the criminal courts? Can his lips be closed by the power of the State? Would not this be the inauguration of religious persecution?

And if there is to be an acknowledgment of God in the Constitution, the question naturally arises as to which God is to have this honor. Shall we select the God of the Catholics — He who has established an infallible church presided over by an infallible pope, and who is delighted with certain ceremonies and placated by prayers uttered in exceedingly common Latin? Is it the God of the Presbyterian, with the Five Points of Calvinism, who is ingenious enough to harmonize necessity and responsibility, and who in some way justifies himself for damning most of his own children? Is it the God of the Puritan, the enemy of joy — of the Baptist, who is great enough to govern the universe, and small enough to allow the destiny of a soul to depend on whether the body it inhabited was immersed or sprinkled?

What God is it proposed to put in the Constitution? Is it the God of the Old Testament, who was a believer in slavery and who justified polygamy? If slavery was right then, it is right now; and if Jehovah was right then, the Mormons are right now. Are we to have the God who issued a commandment against all art — who was the enemy of investigation and of free speech? Is it the God who commanded the husband to stone his wife to death because she differed with him on the subject of religion? Are we to have a God, who will re-enact the Mosaic code and punish hundreds of offences with death? What court, what tribunal

of last resort, is to define this God, and who is to make known his will? In his presence, laws passed by men will be of no value. The decisions of courts will be as nothing. But who is to make known the will of this supreme God? Will there be a supreme tribunal composed of priests?

Of course all persons elected to office will either swear or affirm to support the Constitution. Men who do not believe in this God, cannot so swear or affirm. Such men will not be allowed to hold any office of trust or honor. A God in the constitution will not interfere with the oaths or affirmations of hypocrites. Such a provision will only exclude honest and conscientious unbelievers. Intelligent people know that no one knows whether there is a God or not. The existence of such a Being is merely a matter of opinion. Men who believe in the liberty of man, who are willing to die for the honor of their country, will be excluded from taking any part in the administration of its affairs. Such a provision would place the country under the feet of priests.

To recognize a Deity in the organic law of our country would be the destruction of religious liberty. The God in the Constitution would have to be protected. There would be laws against blasphemy, laws against the publication of honest thoughts, laws against carrying books and papers in the mails, in which this constitutional God should be attacked. Our land would be filled with theological spies, with religious eaves-droppers, and all the snakes and reptiles of the lowest natures, in this sunshine of religious authority, would uncoil and crawl.

It is proposed to acknowledge a God who is the lawful and rightful governor of nations — the one who ordained the powers that be. If this God is really the Governor of nations, it is not necessary to acknowledge him in the constitution. This would not add to his power. If he governs all nations now, he has always controlled the affairs of men. Having this control, why did he not see to it that he was recognized in the Constitution of the United States? If he had the supreme authority and neglected to put himself in the Constitution, is not this, at least, *prima facie* evidence that he did not desire to be there?

For one, I am not in favor of the God who has "ordained the powers that be." What have we to say of Russia — of Siberia? What can we say of the persecuted and enslaved?

What of the kings and nobles who live on the stolen labor of others? What of the priest and cardinal and pope who wrest even from the hand of poverty the single coin thrice earned?

Is it possible to flatter the Infinite with a constitutional amendment? The "Confederate States" acknowledged God in their constitution, and yet they were overwhelmed by a people in whose organic law no reference to God is made. All the kings of the earth acknowledge the existence of God, and God is their ally; and this belief in God is used as a means to enslave and rob, to govern and degrade the people whom they call their subjects.

The government of the United States is secular. It derives its power from the consent of man. It is a government with which God has nothing whatever to do—and all forms and customs, inconsistent with the fundamental fact that the people are the source of authority, should be abandoned. In this country there should be no oaths—no man should be sworn to tell the truth and in no court should there be any appeal to any supreme being. A rascal by taking the oath appears to go in partnership with God, and ignorant jurors credit the firm instead of the man. A witness should tell his story, and if he speaks falsely should be considered as guilty of perjury. Governors and Presidents should not issue religious proclamations. They should not call upon the people to thank God. It is no part of their official duty. It is outside of and beyond the horizon of their authority. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to justify this religious impertinence.

For many years priests have attempted to give to our government a religious form. Zealots have succeeded in putting the legend upon our money: "In God We Trust"; and we have chaplains in the Army and Navy, and legislative proceedings are usually opened with prayer. All this is contrary to the genius of the republic, contrary to the Declaration of Independence, and contrary really to the Constitution of the United States. We have taken the ground that the people can govern themselves without the assistance of any supernatural power. We have taken the position that the people are the real and only rightful source of authority. We have solemnly declared that the people must determine what is politically right and what is wrong, and

that their legally expressed will is the supreme law. This leaves no room for national superstition—no room for patriotic gods or supernatural beings—and this does away with the necessity for political prayers.

The government of God has been tried. It was tried in Palestine several thousand years ago, and the God of the Jews was a monster of cruelty and ignorance, and the people governed by this God lost their nationality. Theocracy was tried through the Middle Ages. God was the Governor—the Pope was his agent, and every priest and bishop and cardinal was armed with credentials from the Most High—and the result was that the noblest and best were in prisons, the greatest and grandest perished at the stake. The result was that vices were crowned with honor, and virtues whipped naked through the streets. The result was that hypocrisy swayed the sceptre of authority, while honesty languished in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The government of God was tried in Geneva when John Calvin was his representative; and under this government of God the flames climbed around the limbs and blinded the eyes of Michael Servetus, because he dared to express an honest thought. This government of God was tried in Scotland, and the seeds of theological hatred were sown, that bore, through hundreds of years, the fruit of massacre and assassination. This government of God was established in New England, and the result was that Quakers were hanged or burned—the laws of Moses re-enacted and the “witch was not suffered to live.” The result was that investigation was a crime, and the expression of an honest thought a capital offence. This government of God was established in Spain, and the Jews were expelled, the Moors were driven out, Moriscoes were exterminated, and nothing left but the ignorant and bankrupt worshippers of this monster. This government of God was tried in the United States, when slavery was regarded as a divine institution, when men and women were regarded as criminals because they sought for liberty by flight, and when others were regarded as criminals because they gave them food and shelter. The pulpit of that day defended the buying and selling of women and babes, and the mouths of slave-traders were filled with passages of Scripture defending and upholding the traffic in human flesh.

We have entered upon a new epoch. This is the century of man. Every effort to really better the condition of mankind has been opposed by the worshippers of some God. The Church in all ages and among all peoples has been the consistent enemy of the human race. Everywhere and at all times, it has opposed the liberty of thought and expression. It has been the sworn enemy of investigation and of intellectual development. It has denied the existence of facts the tendency of which was to undermine its power. It has always been carrying faggots to the feet of Philosophy. It has erected the gallows for Genius. It has built the dungeon for thinkers. And to-day the orthodox church is as much opposed as it ever was, to the mental freedom of the human race.

Of course there is a distinction made between churches and individual members. There have been millions of christians who have been believers in liberty and in the freedom of expression — millions who have fought for the rights of man — but Churches as organizations, have been on the other side. It is true that Churches have fought Churches — that Protestants battled with the Catholics for what they were pleased to call the freedom of conscience; and it is also true that the moment these Protestants obtained the civil power, they denied this freedom of conscience to others.

Let me show you the difference between the theological and the secular spirit. Nearly three hundred years ago, one of the noblest of the human race, Giordano Bruno, was burned at Rome by the Catholic Church — that is to say by the "Triumphant Beast." This man had committed certain crimes — he had publicly stated that there were other worlds than this — other constellations than ours. He had ventured the supposition that other planets might be peopled. More than this, and worse than this, he had asserted the heliocentric theory — that the earth made its annual journey about the sun. He had also given it as his opinion that matter is eternal. For these crimes he was found unworthy to live, and about his body were piled the faggots of the Catholic Church. This man, this genius, this pioneer of the Science of the Nineteenth Century, perished as serenely as the sun sets. The infidels of to-day find excuses for his murderers. They take into consideration the ignorance and brutality of the times. They remember that the world was governed by

a God who was then the source of all authority. This is the charity of infidelity,—of philosophy. But the Church of to-day is so heartless, is still so cold and cruel, that it can find no excuse for the murdered.

This is the difference between Theocracy and Democracy—between God and man.

If God is allowed in the Constitution, man must abdicate. There is no room for both. If the people of the great Republic become superstitious enough and ignorant enough to put God in the Constitution of the United States, the experiment of self-government will have failed, and the great and splendid declaration that “all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed” will have been denied, and in its place will be found this: All power comes from God; priests are his agents, and the people are their slaves.

Religion is an individual matter, and each soul should be left entirely free to form its own opinions and to judge of its accountability to a supposed supreme being. With religion, government has nothing whatever to do. Government is founded upon force, and force should never interfere with the religious opinions of men. Laws should define the rights of men and their duties towards each other, and these laws should be for the benefit of man in this world.

A nation can neither be Christian nor Infidel—a nation is incapable of having opinions upon these subjects. If a nation is Christian, will all the citizens go to heaven? If it is not, will they all be damned? Of course it is admitted that the majority of citizens composing a nation may believe or disbelieve, and they may call the nation what they please. A nation is a corporation. To repeat a familiar saying, “it has no soul.” There can be no such thing as a Christian Corporation. Several Christians may form a corporation, but it can hardly be said that the corporation thus formed was included in the atonement. For instance: seven Christians form a corporation—that is to say, there are seven natural persons and one artificial—can it be said that there are eight souls to be saved?

No human being has brain enough, or knowledge enough, or experience enough, to say whether there is, or is not, a God. Into this darkness Science has not yet carried its torch. No human being has gone beyond the horizon of the natural.

As to the existence of the supernatural, one man knows precisely as much, and exactly as little as another. Upon this question, chimpanzees and cardinals, apes and popes, are upon exact equality. The smallest insect discernible only by the most powerful microscope, is as familiar with this subject as the greatest genius that has been produced by the human race.

Governments and laws are for the preservation of rights and the regulation of conduct. One man should not be allowed to interfere with the liberty of another. In the metaphysical world there should be no interference whatever. The same is true in the world of art. Laws cannot regulate what is, or what is not, music — what is or what is not beautiful — and constitutions cannot definitely settle and determine the perfection of statues, the value of paintings, or the glory and subtlety of thought. In spite of laws and constitutions the brain will think. In every direction consistent with the well-being and peace of society, there should be freedom. No man should be compelled to adopt the theology of another; neither should a minority, however small, be forced to acquiesce in the opinions of a majority, however large.

If there be an infinite being, he does not need our help — we need not waste our energies in his defence. It is enough for us to give to every other human being the liberty we claim for ourselves. There may or may not be a Supreme Ruler of the universe — but we are certain that man exists, and we believe that freedom is the condition of progress, that it is the sunshine of the mental and moral world, and that without it man will go back to the den of savagery and will become the fit associate of wild and ferocious beasts.

We have tried the government of priests, and we know that such governments are without mercy. In the administration of theocracy, all the instruments of torture have been invented. If any man wishes to have God recognized in the constitution of our country, let him read the history of the Inquisition, and let him remember that hundreds of millions of men, women and children have been sacrificed to placate the wrath or win the approbation of this God.

There has been in our country a divorce of Church and State. This follows as a natural sequence of the declaration that "governments derive their just powers from the consent

of the governed." The priest was no longer a necessity. His presence was a contradiction of the principle on which the Republic was founded. He represented, not the authority of the people, but of some "Power from on High," and to recognize this other Power was inconsistent with free government. The founders of the Republic at that time parted company with the priests, and said to them: "You may turn your attention to the other world—we will attend to the affairs of this." Equal liberty was given to all. But the ultra theologian is not satisfied with this—he wishes to destroy the liberty of the people—he wishes a recognition of his God as the source of authority, to the end that the Church may become the supreme power.

But the sun will not be turned backward. The people of the United States are intelligent. They no longer believe implicitly in supernatural religion. They are losing confidence in the miracles and marvels of the Dark Ages. They know the value of the free school. They appreciate the benefits of science. They are believers in education, in the free play of thought, and there is a suspicion that the priest, the theologian, is destined to take his place with the necromancer, the astrologer, the worker of magic, and the professor of the black art.

We have already compared the benefits of theology and Science. When the theologian governed the world, it was covered with huts and hovels for the many, palaces and cathedrals for the few. To nearly all the children of men reading and writing were unknown arts. The poor were clad in rags and skins—they devoured crusts, and gnawed bones. The day of Science dawned, and the luxuries of a century ago are the necessities of to-day. Men in the middle ranks of life have more of the conveniences and elegancies than the princes and kings of the theological times. But above and over all this, is the development of mind. There is more of value in the brain of an average man of to-day—of a master-mechanic, of a chemist, of a naturalist, of an inventor, than there was in the brain of the world four hundred years ago.

These blessings did not fall from the skies. These benefits did not drop from the outstretched hands of priests. They were not found in cathedrals or behind altars—neither were they searched for with holy candles. They were not discovered by the closed eyes of prayer, nor did they come in

answer to superstitious supplication. They are the children of freedom, the gifts of reason, observation and experience — and for them all man is indebted to man.

Let us hold fast to the sublime declaration of Lincoln: Let us insist that this, the Republic, is "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

"I LOVED the man, and do honor to his memory on this side of idolatry, as much as any," quoth Ben Jonson, writing of his "beloved, the author, William Shakspeare," then recently dead. For, he adds, "he was honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and excellent expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too! But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned." Again he relates: "The players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been: Would he had blotted out a thousand!"

Thus Ben Jonson. The thousand lines he referred to, have been blotted out, and more. For no poet has been so bemaused, interpolated, mutilated and turned about as this one, before whom we grovel, while we deface his image. We go down on all fours before this idol and rub our forehead in the dust, and then proceed to disfigure him. Let us "do honor to his memory on this side of idolatry," without debasing our judgment; let us commune with him as an humble craftsman with a master. There is this matter in Jonson's remarks to be held in thought;—when he says "on this side of idolatry"—it is evident that Shakspeare, in his own time, had provoked extravagant admiration, and the actors who vaunted that "whatsoever he penned" was free from erasure, seemed fairly to settle the question recently advanced that he was an illiterate person, scarcely able to sign his own name, and performed a life-long imposture, thus befooling the family of dramatic poets amongst whom he lived in daily intercourse for twenty years of his life.

I propose to discuss, not the beauties of this pre-eminent dramatic poet, but those blemishes, to which Jonson, I think, refers; they may be called spots on the sun. If I confine myself to these it is because they serve to individualize the writer. It is by defects we recognize a physiognomy; for be it remembered that all perfect features are much on one model; but it is on some peculiarity that a resemblance depends. This peculiarity being a departure from the regularity of perfect form, gives the characteristic on which the artist seizes to obtain a likeness. Let us seek out in Shakspeare such peculiarities as distinguish him from the associate poets of his time, whose mind-work was so mixed up with his, in the dramatic works generally ascribed to his authorship, that the most diligent and conscientious students confess themselves unable to determine how much of these works are attributable to him, and how much to his collaborators. And in seeking to supply the reason with some suggestions that may serve to enable him to pursue an enquiry on this interesting subject, I hope I may, without offence or presumption, speak my practical mind as a craftsman in the art of dramatic composition, and deal as an expert in this literary region over which Shakspeare reigns by divine grace.

When he arrived in London he found the theatre to which he became attached was run by a joint stock company composed of authors and actors, who took their pay in shares of the receipts after expenses had been defrayed. The plays were furnished mainly by some score of authors, amongst these were Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Lyly Lodge, Nash, Allen, Kyd, Chettle, Wilson, Munday, and subsequently came his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, and Ford. These and others furnished the plays, which for the most part were composed as the French dramas of the present day and written in "society"; that is: three or four authors collaborating. By these means only could the constant and copious supply of pieces be furnished to the theatre, where change [of performance was essential at a time when the theatrical public were the few in a small community. Shakspeare seems to have cumulated his employments; he was actor; there are traces of his performances of what are now termed the "heavy business" and old men; Adam in "As You Like It"; The Kings in his Histories; old Knowell in Jonson's comedy; The Ghost in "Hamlet," and so forth.

It appears from a valuation made at the period when the theatrical property, in which he was a shareholder, was perhaps estimated for sale, that besides the shares belonging to him as one of the partners, he claimed the wardrobes and accessories as his separate property. It is fair to presume, therefore, that he furnished that department and received hire. That he enjoyed some such resources and was thrifty in their management, is clearly deducible from the fact that within fifteen years he was able to become a man of substance and to retire on a fortune. He could not have done this out of his share of the receipts alone; remembering that the highest price of admission to the theatre was twenty-five cents, to the boxes, and twelve, four, and two cents, to the pit and gallery. Of course, there was neither scenery, advertisements, or rent, to provide, nor more than a band and a few very small salaries to pay, as all the principals received their pay in shares, — and there were sixteen shareholders, — but I presume that sixty or seventy dollars was considered "good business" and a hundred, a bumper! We find by the records in the State paper office, amongst the accounts of payments made by the Court Treasurer for revels performed before King James at Easter, 1618, the following item: "To John Heminges for presenting two several plays before his majesty, on Easter Monday 'Twelfth Night' the play so called, and on Easter Tuesday 'The Winter's Tale.' Twenty pounds." If, therefore, the payment made to Shakspeare's partner, Heminges, was a fairly liberal compensation, it follows that ten pounds, or fifty dollars, was at that time regarded as a good receipt.

In France, at the present day, ten per cent. of the gross receipts is reserved nightly for the authors presenting the entertainment of the evening, and this sum is proportionately divided between them. Some such method of payment, I surmise, was prevalent in the time of Shakspeare, which will account for the presence of his pen in so many plays, which, subsequently, were ascribed wholly to him. He thriftily managed to have a finger in every dramatic pie. And here let me refer to a silly impression abroad that an artist or a poet (for indeed all artists are poets) should be above stooping to "filthy lucre." In the first place lucre is not filthy; poverty may be, but there is nothing cleaner than wealth, if honestly come by. Then to be a poet one

need not be, as some think, a helpless and disorderly fool. A provident regard for the happiness and comfort of those who have claims upon us is not a narrow nor a sordid sentiment; it is simply a respectable feeling, and such is not inconsistent with the character of one who, overflowing with noble thoughts, bequeathed a store to mankind, where for centuries we have helped ourselves to all that is generous, gentle, and good.

It seems indisputable that we have scarcely one dramatic work bearing the name of Shakspeare, which we can feel sure was of his unaided composition. Greene, his fellow dramatist, taunts him with being a journeyman scribbler, tinkering at the works of others, and points him out to his companion authors as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers." This childish squall, however absurd it may be, reveals the fact that Shakspeare up to that time was known as one who prepared the works of others for the stage. In reviewing the plays that have been ascribed to him, — for he published none, nor, so far as we know, authorized his name to be placed to any dramatic work, — out of the bulk of plays attributed to him, certain works have been repudiated by his editors, such as *Loocrine*, *The Puritaine*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Sir John Oldcastle*; although these works appeared in print during his lifetime, and with his name as author on their title pages. Nevertheless, while rejecting these, his editors admit such works as *The Three Parts of Henry the Sixth*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, but meanwhile express the doubt that the poet's hand is anywhere visible in them. In some of his greatest plays we may detect another and very inferior hand at work beside his own, and that he admitted such companionship, betrays the modesty of his mind, which saw not the pack-horse that was harnessed beside his Pegasus. It is my object in this paper to point out, and, so far as I am able, to define the peculiar bent of mind, method, and form of expression by which his style is characterized; so when he "chips in" he may be detected. There are two authors who write beside him who occasionally resemble him. These seem to be Fletcher and Ben Jonson; it is difficult to believe that certain passages throughout the works of these two poets were not contributed by Shakspeare.

Then we should allow something in the comic scenes for the "gags" of the clowns, which have evidently crept into the copies — these must have grown into a great offence since the gentle Shakspeare was galled into the bitter reproof contained in Hamlet's advice to the players. Thus we find his dramatic works were bemuddled, not only during their incubation by collaborating authors, but during their production, by wanton actors, and subsequently they were dispersed and lost, to be exhumed in parts seven years after his death; the bones as it were, collected and put together and so presented to the world by his self-constituted literary executors. We must accept the conviction that Shakspeare attached no value to his plays, excepting as pot-boilers. He knew they were not wholly his own. How differently he acted toward the first born of his invention, the poem "Venus and Adonis," upon which his reputation during his life had chiefly rested. It was printed and published under his own careful supervision — look at it now — it is not defaced by explanatory notes interfering at every line; he leaves no doubts as to the clearness of the text. The same may be said of his "Lucrece" and the "Sonnets." There are no obscurities here for commentators to wrangle over. But what is most satisfying is that here we have William Shakspeare's self, where no one pretends that any collaboration has intruded. On this indisputed ground let us stand, and there study those marks and signs by which we may trace his pen.

It has been a subject of wonderment, that none of his manuscripts survive; no scrap of his writing has been discovered! Is it not more wonderful that none of the manuscripts of Moliere exist? This poet lived in a period and amongst a people where literary eminence on the stage was recognized. He was the special personal favorite of a great monarch. But there is nothing surprising in the circumstance that the original manuscripts of "Tartufe" and "Misanthrope" are not to be found. The dramatic author hands in his play to the theatre where it is copied — this copy is called the prompt copy — and is much more important than the author's scrawl, which has not yet become a curiosity.

When a manuscript goes into a printer's hands, it is cut up and so defaced during the process of composition, that its remains are not worth preserving; that, at least, is my expe-

rience. So much for the disappearance of the Shaksperian originals.

Of the thirty-six or thirty-seven plays that form the collection usually published under his name, two-thirds are either merely edited by him, or helped along by his pen here and there. The plays in which he seems to have been so largely concerned that his spirit occupies and inspires them wholly, are *Othello*, *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, *The Merry Wives*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Coriolanus*, and *Hamlet*. This last, and the most popular of all his works, seems to me to betray occasionally another hand, or some wanton interpolation of the actors, or some parts of the older play, which it may be were restored by them. But let us address ourselves to the Shaksperian mind writing, by which I think the process of this singular brain may be traced and detected.

The most remarkable feature in his expression is the use of the Saxon language on all occasions in its modest vernacular, the employment of slang while treating on the saddest subjects, and, by way of illustration, the introduction of familiar figures in familiar language, and the startling use of the grotesque, in situation and by characters, where it might be least expected. But most remarkable is his habit of playing upon words, and his almost childish delight in puns. He repeats in several of his plays the words "and thereby hangs a tale," as though the pun was so excellent as to bear repetition. He does not reserve this touch of expression in his comedies but his tragic characters indulge in it, in their most tragic moments. Hamlet's first utterance, and his second, are sarcasms in the form of puns. Another feature is the strange and wild mixture of tropes. In the luxuriance of his fancy, he throws together images in rich confusion, but each incomplete, and having little relation to its neighbors. Thus in the familiar description of a hopeless love, Viola says: "She never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damask cheek." Here we have a delicate picture of a flower perishing from the concealed worm eating into its heart. But without drawing breath we find her like *Patience* on a monument smiling at grief! This sudden jump from horticulture to statuary is peculiarly Shaksperian in its extravagance.

Let us turn to the soliloquy in Hamlet on suicide, which

with all deference scarcely deserves the position it holds in popular esteem; it cannot compare either in depth or in force with the first soliloquy of the Prince, nor that which is provoked in him by the emotion displayed by the player. But let that pass. There is no subject so robed in melancholy sables, as this contemplation of ending the miseries of life in death: "To die! to die! to sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's *the rub!*" And again presently the suicider is described as "taking a *quietus!*" These are slang expressions. Other poets adapt their language to the nature of their subject; this he rarely does; but rather allows the grotesque a place in word, and in turn of thought. Thus again in the scene over the skull of Yorick, than which nothing can be more pathetic, Hamlet, contemplating the remains of his childhood's playmate, says to Horatio: "Dost thou think Alexander looked this fashion in the earth?" "Even so!" replies Horatio, sadly. At which Hamlet applying the skull to his nose, asks: "And smelt so? pah!" Here is the grotesque revealing its most startling presence!

Now turn to his poem "Venus and Adonis." He thus represents the goddess at sunrise, hastening to find her lover:—

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From her moist cabinet mounts up on high
And wakes the morning from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
The cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold."

Mark the conceit "moist cabinet," peculiarly Shaksperian in its oddness. The whole stanza is pure, boyish, and aspires the sweet morning air — but what follows is eminently characteristic, — for it is in this familiar fashion he treats Venus.

"And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake."

Thus the goddess becomes a rustic Chloe of sturdy form and vigorous development — turn to the interview between

Venus and her son in the Eneid, and compare the grace and dignity of the Latin poet's description with the rough naturalism of Shakspeare. He is unconscious that he brings down his divinity to the level of his treatment instead of employing treatment at the level of his divine subject.

But this naturalism of language when applied to humane emotions, becomes of inexpressible power — see the "keen" of Constance over her lost son Arthur — (I must use the Irish expression "Keen" which means the cry of the heart over the dead). Listen to this: —

Father Cardinal! I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven!
If that be true, I'll see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain — the first male child
To him that did but yesterday suspire —
There was not such a gracious creature born!
But now — will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost.
As dim and meagre as an ague fit;
And so he'll die; and rising so again
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him — therefore never —
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more!

CARD. — You hold too heinous a respect of grief!

CONST. — (*Raising her reproachful eyes to the priest murmurs.*)

He talks to me that never had a son!

KING P. — You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONST. — Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed — walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life — my joy — my food — my all the world —
My widow comfort and — my sorrow's cure!

Thus muttering to herself, she wanders out.

Is there in the great region of the drama, from Sophocles to Sheridan Knowles, any deep human wail that can compare with this? I know of none. I pity the man who can read or hear these lines spoken, and keep his eyes dry. Yet in

them the characteristics we have pointed out abroad; who but Shakspeare would have written: "stuffed out his vacant garments with his form"? Nothing can be more acutely touching than the mother contemplating the empty clothes of her boy, and the queen expresses the picture in the words that would be used by the peasant woman—for mortal grief levels us all. Shakspeare, in this scene, uses no poetic imagery—he simply grovels on the grave.

No poet at any period, in any language, has rivalled this outburst, in its passionate rhetoric. Yet we are told this is all wrong, false, unnatural, because unreal, and we should go to Mr. Ibsen to learn in his domestic drama "*The Doll's House*," how an ill-used woman feels, behaves, and expresses herself, according to the ethics of the modern apostle by whom the drama is to be led to salvation.

Those enthusiastic "idolators" of Shakspeare, to whom Jonson refers, ascribe to him a knowledge on various subjects little short of miraculous in a man whose education had been neglected. This knowledge is readily accounted for when we reflect that his collaborators may have possessed and supplied it. The French scenes in *Henry the Fifth* were so contributed beyond all doubt. We have heard that his knowledge of law was so remarkable, that he must have served an apprenticeship in a lawyer's office. Yet it appears to me that no one having such familiarity with law proceedings could have shaped the incidents composing the trial scene in the "*Merchant of Venice*"! We are asked to believe that a statute existed in that State which made it a capital offence in a Jew to seek by direct or indirect means the life of any Venetian citizen; yet this statute was unknown to Shylock and to his race; it was unknown to the lawyers of Venice who must have heard of this remarkable case of Shylock vs. Antonio. It was unknown to the court, the senators who made the law, and to the doge. But it was known to a lawyer practising in Padua, who did not instruct Portia that it should serve as a demurrer to the whole matter into which the court need not go. But this would not allow the agony of the scene to be protracted; it would not allow Portia to play the cat with the mouse! Again, if the law accepted the bond and regarded its conditions to be binding, then the quibble of Portia concerning the blood and the precise weight of the flesh would not be entertained by any

tribunal. She lays down the law, however, and takes on herself to be both court and counsel! This may be very well for a general public that cares little what means are employed to defeat a villain, and who loves to see him caught in his own snare; but I confess to some doubt as to any legal scholar committing such a scene to the stage!

Our present business, however, is not with the width and depth of Shakspeare's acquirements; but with his love for sensational tricks in his construction, regarded as one of the distinctive features in his works. Thus: The preter-natural birth of Macduff is sprung on Macbeth at his last moment to fulfil the prophecy of the witches, that none of woman born could harm Macbeth; then the poisoned foils in Hamlet; the exposition in Cymbeline by the soothsayer of the oracle, in which the words "tender air" are latinized into *mollis aer*, from whence he gets *mulier*, woman! is about as far fetched a derivation as ever was contrived to amuse a third-class boy. These are of a kind with the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice," and may be said to be characteristic of Shakspeare's method.

If the peculiarities taken altogether form a diagnosis in a literary sense of the weaknesses of his mind, we may apply them to such dramatic works as may be generally regarded as his apocrypha, and by this test extract the Shaksperian gold from the dross in which it is buried.

I am prepared to meet the accusation of agnosticism preferred by the "idolators" who have carried their deification so far that they have produced a Donnelly. This is the natural result of their extravagance. I am painfully conscious that the subject I, perhaps with too little circumspection, undertook to treat in the few pages of a magazine article, deserves more profound and wider application, and a more accomplished pen than mine to expound.

THE ORIGINAL BLUE-BEARD.

BY LOUIS FRECHETTE, POET LAUREATE OF CANADA.

LA FONTAINE wrote somewhere :

*Si, Peau d'Ane m'était conte,
J'y pourrais un plaisir ectreme.*

"Excessive delight" is perhaps rather too much; and, between you and me, I am not far from suspecting the words suggested themselves to the great fabulist as a tribute to the exigencies of rhyme.

It is nevertheless true that the simple tales by which our hearts were moved and our imaginations struck, in the early days of childhood, retain, even in our old age, a powerful, though somewhat vague and indefinable charm.

Does it arise from the actual interest they afford?

Scarcely; if heard for the first time in mature age, they doubtless would appear, in most cases, rather meaningless, and would arouse anything but admiration for the creative power of their authors.

There is another and better reason for it.

We love old tunes that recall home scenes of days gone by; and so these artless tales are endeared to us because they bring back our first crawlings into light, our first impressions, the first dawns of our intelligence, our first throbbings for fear, for joy, for wonder and for hope; they are hallowed with the first rays of our life's sun, and glow with the gold dust strewn by age, in the recesses of memory, o'er the tablets on which are graven the earliest records of the soul.

This is not meant, gentle reader, as a preamble to a hundred thousandth edition of Jack the Giant Killer, or to a new-found version of Mother Goose. Far from it. I propose to lay before your eyes a somewhat neglected page of real history, and I was led to refer to the stories so dear to childhood, by the fact that, according to the popular tradi-

tions at least, one of the best known of them is founded upon it.

On a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said with a parting hand-shake :

"By-the-by, before you get to Ancenis, there is a station called Champtocé. As the cars pull up, look to the right, and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well, they are the remains of Blue-Beard's castle."

"Blue-Beard's castle! What Blue-Beard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one. Perreault's Blue-Beard, Offenbach's Blue-Beard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly, in flesh and bone as you and I,— with this difference,—that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles De Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvellous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the blood-thirsty hero of Perreault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waving hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another, I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases, and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of horror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, Madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, seest thou no

one come?" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar off the sounding approach of the galloping rescuers.

The vision haunted me till we reached Champtocé where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty mediæval tower which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and sombre outline.

This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Blue-Beard's home.

Or rather it was one of his castles, for he had a great many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (*Pays de Retz*) having once been his.

His other principal abodes were Tiffauge (Vendée), Suze (Sarthe), Machecoul and Davenay (Loire Inferiaure), Pouzange, Chambenais et Confolens (Charente), Grezsur-Maine, Château-Morand (Loire), etc.

All these manor houses were not the scene of Gilles de Retz's atrocities, which filled with horror a period otherwise so prolific in abominations. The record of his trial bears mention only of Champtocé, Suze, and Tiffauge, in which the monster abused and massacred over a hundred helpless children stolen from their parents.

But we must not anticipate the order of events. In fact, the crimes of this infamous fiend cannot be told. Their heinousness is far in excess of anything that can be imagined.

Let us only review as briefly as possible the more notable part of this extraordinary man's life.

Gilles, baron of Retz or Raiz, was born at Nantes, toward the latter end of the fourteenth century, of a family related to the royal and ducal houses of France and Brittany.

At twenty years of age, he entered the service of King Charles VII., followed Joan of Arc to the siege of Orleans, took part at her side in all the battles she fought with the English, and achieved quite a renown as a warrior. He distinguished himself particularly at the recapture of Paris, which for fifteen years had been the capital of the English monarchy, and was, to a certain extent, instrumental in the final expulsion of the foreigners from the whole of the province known as Isle-de-France.

In short, though still a young man, having attained through a number of deeds of valor, the rank of Marshal of France, he withdrew to his estates with the title of Lieutenant-General of Brittany,—therefore quite an exalted personage.

I have already said enough to show that his wealth was counted by millions. By luxury and debauchery he was not only ruined, but became a legendary character in the history of crime.

He affected to vie with kings in display and senseless prodigality. He gave himself a body guard of two hundred cavaliers, who accompanied him in all his saunterings from town to town through Brittany. He further drew after him a company of players and musicians, and a host of servants of all classes in the most gorgeous livery.

When he passed through the towns and villages with this imperial train, crowds of idlers, vagabonds, and beggars, collected about him to gather the gold he scattered by handfuls. He maintained regular seraglios hidden within his princely residences. In fine, no sovereign led so ostentatious a life, none cast away his treasures in more profuse dissipation.

As was frequently the case in mediæval times, and is indeed occasionally seen in our own, this shameless and unscrupulous debauchee took delight in the pomp of religious ceremonials; he affected great outward piety.

His chapels were loaded with wealth and all manner of ornaments. He had chapters of canons, chaplains, choir boys, singers, and — by a queer whim — an organ he caused to be carted after him through all his journeys. The whole of this chapel staff were clothed in sumptuous vestments adorned with precious furs, some of which cost fabulous prices.

In this connection, the stupid vanity of the man was such that he went so far as to send an ambassador to Rome, to obtain leave of the Pope for his canons to wear mitres and other episcopal insignia.

It may be readily imagined that such an extravagant spendthrift must have been surrounded by numbers of parasites, to say nothing of knaves. So, ere long, the immense fortune of Gilles de Retz gave sign of fast approaching collapse.

Alarmed at the rapid melting away of his wealth, he sold

the best part of his vast domains to stay the impending catastrophe. But, as he continued to indulge in the same excesses and orgies, it was of no avail. So that, in face of utter ruin, but still borne down by his insatiable lust, he bethought himself of having recourse to the Science of Alchemy to replenish his coffers.

France — and indeed the whole of Europe — during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was very much addicted to astrology, to magic, and to witchcraft, but chiefly to alchemy.

Like the generation which preceded our own, the people of those times were infected with what has been appropriately termed the gold fever. But, before the discovery of America the gold hunters did not venture across the seas or through arid deserts to seek out the precious ores of placers; they only tortured their eyesight in the study and deciphering of hermetic lore, and wore themselves out over crucibles and retorts to conquer fortune by solving the problem of the transmutation of metals.

We all know the part played at that time by the dark followers of the secret art, the craftsmen of the philosophic stone, — the part, at times, of visionaries and dreamers, but often enough of schemers in search of dupes to prey upon.

Into the hand of this second class of alchemists the sire of Retz naturally gave himself over.

These charlatans, who fed on superstition, ordinarily found their fattest quarry among great lords and noblemen.

The story is told of a princess, and of an alchemist, — the latter became famous by the disaster in which he ended his career. Liket he rest of his fraternity, he was bold in the assertion that he could convert all metals into the finest gold. But for this purpose — as we may well guess — the first thing he required was a large amount of money.

The credulous princess supplied the demand without stint. But, after a while, she began to suspect that her miracle worker was melting down her silver anywhere but in a smelting oven; so she had a laboratory built for him in mid forest, at some distance from her castle. Thither she had all his appliances, instruments, books, bottles, and compounds carried, and after having sent him in after them, she caused the entrance to be walled up, a narrow loophole only being left, for letting in air and food.

There the unfortunate man was left for three years, to rack his brain and wither over his vials, his alembics, and stills. He was doomed never more to see the light of day.

One night, in the midst of darkness and the raging of a storm, a fearful explosion was heard. The laboratory and all it contained had been blown into space.

On the following day, there was nothing to be seen but scattered fragments, which emitted a strong odor of sulphur; conclusive evidence for the inhabitants of the place that the sorcerer had been carried off by the devil. In point of fact, it never could be ascertained whether the unfortunate wretch had perished an involuntary victim to his chemical experiments, or had destroyed himself in a fit of despair, to put an end to his intolerable confinement.

Strange to say, the superstitious multitude and ignorant nobility were not alone beset by the infatuation; philosophers also gave way to it. The wildest theories were started as a consequence. A wiseacre announced in all seriousness, that a sun's ray stored in a cavern would, in the course of three thousand years, harden into an ingot of gold!

Indeed he had no reason to fear that experience would ever give *him* the lie. Besides the good man overlooked an essential point: he forgot to show how the sun's ray was to be stored in the cavern.

The lord of Retz—as may be understood — had no mind to verify such theories. He did not care to wait three thousand years for gold. He must have it at once, and at any cost, even at the expense of eternal salvation!

Having uselessly resorted to the learning of several famous alchemists, and the remnants of his former wealth being insufficient to afford him the means of satisfying his all-devouring passions, he gave himself up body and soul to what was in those times known as the religion of Satan. He tried to retrieve his fortune by the infamous practices of witchcraft.

As mentioned above, such abominations were quite common in Europe, in that age. The sculpturings on most of the churches of the fifteenth century show numerous illustrations of the exchange by man of his soul for bags of coin, and of his kneeling to the devil to kiss the rim of his claws.

It was also an era of unspeakable flagitiousness. In every order of society up to the steps of thrones — indeed particu-

larly on the steps of thrones — rape, incest, poisoning, fearful sacrileges, and monstrous witchcraft had sway. The infamous mummerly known in France by the name of "*envoulement*" was practised on a large scale. John IV., Duke of Brittany, as some historians pretend, was despatched in that way.

Pitre Chevalier humorously describes the practice as follows:—

"*Envoulement* consisted in the making of a waxen image of the intended victim, and in stabbing it in the heart or head while pronouncing cabalistic words. The operation on the image — if at all supplemented by stabbings on the original — was sure to undo the latter."

Nowadays such things cause us to smile with pity; but in those dark times they shed terror through all ranks, and frequently called for sanguinary reprisals. As a consequence, during the latter half of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, were seen in France, endless and revolting trials for sorcery, ravishings, poisonings, and diabolical doings of all kinds. The Inquisition lacked agents, judges, dungeons, wood-piles, and executioners for the number of those informed against.

Being used to all the excesses of an unbounded lubricity, and continually sinking from vice to vice and from crime to crime in the hideous whirlpool of his passions, the wretch whom Perreault was to make famous under the name of Blue-Beard plunged wildly into all the devilish horrors of the times.

He began to seek in Germany, in Italy, and throughout Europe for those who were reputed to have the power of calling forth the spirits of darkness. He had no need to go so far: a physician of Poitou answered the summons.

He was a powerful magician, as he pretended, and Beelzebub, Astoroth, Mephisto, and the whole infernal legions were enlisted in his service. Being called upon to give an exhibition of his science, he selected the castle of Tiffauge as the most favorable spot for his incantations, — probably on account of the forest by which it was surrounded.

When the appointed time came, the sorcerer, in full armor, withdrew to a dense thicket, tracing magical circles in the air and uttering cabalistic sounds. When out of sight, he feigned a terrible struggle, striking his own armor

with his sword, and mimicking a dialogue which struck terror in the breasts of those who witnessed the scene.

This bold trick met with full success. Gilles de Retz had not seen the devil as he had been promised, it is true; but he had actually heard him, which was doubtless a great deal.

When our quack came out of the bush, he said he had seen the devil, but that the evil one had proved extremely refractory, and in spite of orders, threats, and conjurations, had stubbornly refused to show himself to anyone else. This was because he had omitted some part of the preparatory ceremonial. He had to return to his home to consult his conjuring books. Moreover, he confessed he required certain ingredients which were very costly, and as he was not rich, he must have money.

Gilles de Retz, dazzled by the prospect of the fabulous sums which were promised him, showed no hesitation. He made up a large amount, and the arrant cheat made off with it — never to return.

This humiliating fraud did not cure the marshal. He soon had recourse to other impostors, who turned the castles of Tiffauge, Suze, and Champtocé into veritable ante-chambers of hell. Murder stalking through orgies, scenes were enacted in these dens of wild beasts which would be wholly incredible, were they not set out in the authentic record of the trial, — scenes which it is impossible to transcribe or even to outline.

An Italian, Prelati by name, was the most forward accomplice in these horrors. He first led de Retz down to the deepest underground vaults of the castle of Tiffauge, and there made him sign with his own blood a compact with Satan, to whom he tendered, together with his soul, the fingers, the eyes and the heart torn from the warm body of a freshly murdered child.

Then, under his direction, followed, almost without intermission and in different places, a series of unheard-of crimes. Orgies of blood, mutilation of corpses, frightful sacrileges, — the revelling of monomaniacal rage. Frequently, during nights of thundering and storm, Gilles de Retz, in a mad delirium of cruelty and morbid erotism, would slaughter with his own hand, children six, eight, and ten years old, would search their entrails, wallow in their blood, and mid flashes of lightning and the uproar of thunder, would glut his ferocity

and feast on their agony. [Our modern Jack the Ripper was an angel compared to him.]

He enjoyed the death of his victims, as he admitted at his trial, even more than their sufferings, Their heartrending cries delighted him, but their agonizing gasps enraptured his soul. Their dying contortions gave him ecstasies of joy. At the last convulsions of departing life, he would fly at the body like a thirsting vampire.

Does not this read like the account of a nightmare full of untold horrors?

His ordinary purveyor was an old crone called La Meffraye. She always went about with a veil on her face. She wandered through the country side, approached little shepherds and little shepherdesses, cajoled them with caresses and gifts, and finally drew them into the fatal castle. When once in, all was over; they never came out again.

The peasants supposed them to have been carried off by fairies or by spirits. Their families went into mourning, the mothers wept their eyes out, while the thick walls of the dungeon smothered the groanings and cries of despair of the poor innocents, who were expiring in tortures.

A bewildering feature of the story is that the monster seems to have led his whole retinue, canons, chaplains, and others into his abominations. No one ventured to denounce him. On the contrary, they all appear to have aided and abetted him. They assisted him in carrying on his infamous ceremonials and sacrilegious proceedings, and the most sacred objects were placed at his disposal, to perpetrate his dire profanations.

But the hour of retribution was at hand.

Several families of Nantes, less given to credulousness than the inhabitants of the country parts, whose children had also suddenly disappeared, found courage enough to investigate matters. They were astounded to learn that every one of these children had last been seen in company of some of the baron's followers.

No sooner were their suspicions aroused, than startling revelations broke out. Some people had found compromising traces of blood; others passing at night by the castle in which the marshal dwelt, had heard lugubrious cries, moanings that had chilled them with terror.

The public mind grew excited; a system of inquiry was

instituted; the seal of discretion was broken. Finally, one discovery following another, the guilt of Gilles de Retz became so patent, that the Duke of Brittany, John V., had him arrested with his accomplices, and committed the Bishop of Nantes to form a tribunal of extraordinary jurisdiction to avenge religion, nature, and humanity.

The principal dens of the fiend were searched, and in the vault of Taffauge, the tower of Champtocé and the filth pits of Suze, the bodies and skeletons of over one hundred and forty children, under ten years of age, were found. God only knows the number of those of which no trace was left.

When the dungeons were burst open, a great number of young girls escaped: many of them, crazed with fright, were permanently bereft of reason.

The members of the court before which Gilles de Retz was brought were first the Bishop, then Jean de Malestroit, Jean Blouyn, Official of Nantes, Inquisitor of the Faith in the Diocese, and Pierre de l'Hospital, seneschal of Rennes, who represented the secular arm.

The accused and his accomplices showed themselves at first extremely arrogant, and refused to answer. But when threatened with torture, they yielded to fear and confessed their guilt.

Their confession terrified both inquisitor and judges. It would be impossible to relate a thousandth part of it. So monstrous were the revelations that the Duke, John V., renounced for the occasion his sovereign prerogative: he divested himself of the right of grace notwithstanding the intervention of the King of France, who was himself beset, in favor of the culprit, by the highest influences in the Kingdom.

Enough was shown, in the words of Paul Lacroix, to whom I am indebted for many of these particulars, to hang ten thousand men. And yet Gilles de Retz confessed he had not acknowledged the worst part of his enormities. This was not insisted upon: even less than had come to light would have been more than sufficient.

After making his avowals, the dastardly bigot once more broke out of the tiger's skin. The wretch shed tears, and attempted to soften his judges by a great show of piety and compunction.

What seemed to pain him most was to be denied the com-

pany of his accomplices. This made him weep bitterly. And especially when he was separated from Prelati, the Italian miscreant, he embraced him, and sobbed violently.

"Adieu," he said, "Francis my friend; we shall never meet again in this world. *I pray God that He give you good endurance and knowledge; and be sure that if you have patience and hope in God as I have, we shall meet in the great joys of Paradise.* Pray for me, and I shall pray for you."

When going through these details in the chronicles of the time, the reader asks himself whether he be dreaming or awake. The mention of prayers, of faith in God, of the joys of Paradise, in the mouth of such a double-dyed villain, and addressed to an infamous accomplice, is beyond our preconceived notions of what is possible. Such anomalies, however, were quite in keeping with the spirit of the age. Evidence of it is to be drawn from what occurred at the execution of the sentence pronounced by the tribunal.

Gilles de Retz was condemned on the 25th October, 1440, to be strangled and afterwards burnt.

Now, the whole population of the town of Nantes fasted for three days to obtain the remission of his sins, and children were whipped that they might never forget the memorable event.

The different monastic orders in the vicinity followed the criminal to the place of execution, chanting hymns and dirges.

The strangled body was thrown on a wood-pile, but not allowed to be burnt. By permission of the Duke of Brittany noble damsels — no less — carried it away, swathed it in burying cloths with their own hands — was it not a touching spectacle? — and had it removed to the Carmelite monastery, where it was interred in great pomp.

I wonder what more could have been done if, instead of abusing and killing a hundred and forty children, he had sacrificed ten thousand!

O middle ages! To think there are those in this nineteenth century who sincerely revere ye, and regret ye are no more!

There still remain vestiges which recall the trial and punishment of the malefactor. First, the tower of Le Bouffay, a construction dating from the tenth century — in which the

dramatic scenes of the famous trial were unfolded; and next a small ruin of a peculiar kind.

There is to be seen at this day, at the entrance of one of the bridges of Nantes, the remains of an expiatory monument erected on the spot where Gilles de Retz was executed. It is a niche in which there was a statue of the Virgin commonly known as the Virgin of *Cree-lait*; a name originating from the popular superstition which attributed to the Madonna the power of giving milk to nurses. The statuette was destroyed long ago, but the niche still preserves its reputation, and often enough small offerings are to be seen on it.

Now, by what process did popular tradition identify the atrocious slayer of children with the savage baron who killed his wives as fast as he married them?

It would be hard to say.

The historical facts are the crimes and execution of Gilles de Retz.

Did these crimes suggest to Perreault the subject of his famous tale?

I could not venture to say.

What I do know is that no Breton will lead you by any of the dens once inhabited by the notorious bandit, without telling you, if you are a stranger, —

“This is Blue-Beard’s castle, sir!”

NATIONALISM.

BY LAURENCE GRÖNLUND.

IN the October number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* is a paper by N. P. Gilman, well known through his work on "Profit-sharing," which is entirely devoted to a criticism of Edward Bellamy's novel, *Looking Backward*, and which precisely for that reason admirably shows us what Nationalism is not. Yet there is in the article a sentence which, carried out to its logical conclusion, will lead us to the right path, viz. this: "The wide circulation (of the novel) is due to the fact that the earnest feeling with which it is written coincides with a very deep and wide-spread discontent with existing social conditions; it signifies an inclination to question the prevailing social order in a large class not ranked as workingmen." This is, indeed, the milk in the cocoanut; but Mr. Gilman as a candid man must admit that this statement is somewhat defective, that is to say, not merely discontent, but as a matter of fact, sympathy with a social reconstruction on socialist lines is thereby revealed. Thus amplified, the admission is of capital importance. It is known, that some time ago 200,000 copies of the novel had been sold; counting five readers to each copy we thus have a million Americans of the educated classes—mark that point—who are so dissatisfied with the established order that they hail a socialist *regime* with ardor, and who are in spiritual communion round a book. It is this tremendous, novel fact that really constitutes the movement which has come to be known as "Nationalism," and it is this fact that ought to be emphasized, explained, and to have its future importance outlined, a task that will be the object of this paper.

For it should now be evident that to prove the scheme of *Looking Backward* worthless, is not to the point at all. That novel has already done its work. First it was, and is, itself, a symptom of the state of mind of our intellectual classes;

but it was something else, also. But what? It is highly superficial to say that it has been the cause of Nationalism, i. e., that it has produced this discontent and this sympathy. But it has done something, only second in importance. It has served as a mirror to this one million Americans, in which they saw their own ideas objectively reflected, and thus they became for the first time conscious of them; moreover, they became thereby for the first time aware of the great number of people of their own class who shared their notions — and, as Novalis says: “Nothing so much strengthens my conviction as to know that another soul thinks the same thought” — finally, outsiders thereby learned that their own countrymen had to a great extent become infected with what had been hitherto supposed to be un-American ideas. This great work cannot be undone. To prove this particular scheme impracticable will simply have the effect of making somebody else propose a more realizable plan on the same lines.

We called this discontent and this sympathy on the part of a million Americans who are not wage-workers a tremendous and novel fact, and this certainly it is; it has its counterpart in no other country, that is to say, not at all in continental Europe, and but in a small measure is it found in Great Britain. That this will prove a great blessing to the future development of our country, we shall try to show further on. But how shall we explain its presence here and now?

First let us note, that while this sympathy with socialism is a novel phenomenon in our well-off classes, the discontent is by no means so, but dates at least from 1840. It was about that year, that an American, Brisbane, a disciple of Fourier, was allotted a column, weekly, in Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, which he proceeded to fill with glowing descriptions of Fourierism; these very soon commenced to fire the American heart, and like a mighty wave they passed over the whole settled part of the United States from East to West, and indeed, their dying embers did not expire till fifteen years after. These “Associationists” as they called themselves were necessarily from the classes in easy circumstances, for their principal object was to build large, costly buildings, called “Phalansteries,” where hundreds of families could live together, and carry on industries and agricul-

ture in common. They dotted the United States over with such Phalansteries, the most celebrated of which was Brook Farm, near Boston. Most of them broke down after a couple of years though the last survived till 1855. But the memory of this mighty movement still survives, and many Nationalists undoubtedly are the sons of old Associationists.

The war of the Rebellion naturally absorbed into the ranks of the Abolitionists all those, discontented with social abuses; but after its close there arose another movement among a class, generally considered in easy circumstances, the farmers in the west. It was the Granger movement, which had two objects: to curb the great railroad companies and do away with the middlemen in towns and cities. The first object was completely attained by electing legislatures and governors to do their will; these grangers for the first time bridled "Private Enterprise" by scaling down by law fares and freight, but though they had established a great many co-operative stores, they voluntarily gave up their fight against the town merchants, by being reminded of the principle, "Live and let live." But immediately the discontent spread to Americans of the same class in the cities: that was the Greenback movement. That this was a struggle on the part of small business men against the great capitalists is evident from the fact that the principal plank of their platforms always was a demand that the government should issue legal tenders and lend them to citizens with no interest, but on good security; the labor planks, occasionally inserted to capture workingmen's votes, were, of course, an afterthought. The main thing is, that it was small business men who wanted money at little or no interest, and they were the only ones who had property to give as security.

Hitherto, the working-classes, as such, were not affected by these movements; these were confined to persons above them in the social scale. But with the so-called labor riots of 1877 the social discontent will be found to have filtered down to them. These events, as if with one stroke, opened their eyes to what an immense power they are, when they are united, when they have leaders and when they know what they want. It is from that date that the Knights of Labor emerged from their secrecy and became a power; with that date our workingmen became Socialists. The German agitators have simply been to them what Bellamy's book

was to the intellectual classes, — a mirror in which they saw their own ideas reflected. The common experience of these agitators has been, that after a lecture members of the audience came up to them and said: "If what you have told us is Socialism then we are already Socialists." That is further shown by that plank in the constitution in the Knights of Labor which demands the abolition of the wage-system and the institution of a system of national co-operation; by the fact that the leaders of the even larger Federation of Labor are avowed Socialists and by the further fact that the George movement was formidable just as long as it was supposed to be socialistic and no longer.

We should then explain Nationalism among America's cultured classes by the fact, that long ago the well-to-do classes felt a discontent with social conditions — conclusively proving, if proof were needed after our two great wars, both waged for a principle, that the ideal of thoughtful Americans is by no means the "Almighty Dollar" — that this discontent at length filtered down to the working classes, and that now (according to the law that progress moves in the form of a spiral) it has returned to the well-off portion of our people, but raised to a higher plane. Now it is discontent *plus* a definite social ideal. The present writer years ago was confident that an underground movement was going on, and that Socialism was fermenting in the brains of the whole American people, and has ever since been watching for the sprouts that he was sure would sometime and somewhere appear, and at last he was rewarded by the appearance of the two movements simultaneously: Nationalism and Christian Socialism. This, by the way, is another proof that Bellamy's book was not a cause, for Christian Socialism was by no means an effect of the book but a parallel phenomenon.

Nationalism, we said, is a higher plane than the Socialism that has appeared among the working-classes. It should constantly be borne in mind that there are two sorts of Socialism: a good sort and a bad sort. There is a Socialism of hatred and spoliation and another of good-will and mutual helpfulness. Now please observe, I do not by any means say, that the Socialism of the working-classes belongs to the former kind, for it does not, as I positively know; but nevertheless there is a decided difference between the Socialism advocated by Nationalists and that generally preached to our working-

classes. To this distinction it is worth paying some attention.

German Socialists lay undue stress on Socialism being a class-movement, which indeed they make the decisive test for fellowship; and then they interpret that term in such a way as to place themselves in a radically wrong position from an American standpoint. They draw a horizontal line through society, with manual workers below the line and all others above it, and then they virtually preach a class-war between the two divisions. No wonder that in Germany they are charged with preaching hatred and contempt against the upper classes, for that, to be frank, is what they are doing. This, of course, is philosophically and morally wrong, but it must in fairness be admitted, that all over Continental Europe there is a profound historical excuse for such a position. Take France for example. Ever since the memorable massacre of peaceable workingmen by Lafayette and Bailly on the *Champ de Mars*, July 17, 1791, there has been a profound and undying hatred between the workers and the bourgeoisie, a hatred started by the latter, and exhibited by them on every occasion they have had of cooling it in the blood of the former—the last of which was the fall of the Commune. No wonder the French working-classes have replied to it with a corresponding animosity, which has been fed by the shameless manner in which the bourgeoisie has enriched itself at the public expense. The same feeling exists to a greater or less extent all over Europe—a sad omen for coming events!

But when the foreign agitators came to this country and preached this spirit, they committed a fearful blunder, and created the greatest stumbling-block in the way of their success. The writer knows that just when the deplorable bomb burst, a society of Americans was just about to be formed in Chicago for the purpose of spreading the same socialistic ideas that Bellamy's novel contains, but of course, it then had to disband for a time. The fact is, as we all know, that this class-hatred has never obtained among Anglo-Saxons, and that particularly in our country there have always been found noble hearts both among the rich and the comfortable classes who have had a true sympathy with the toilers and some even who were willing to sacrifice all to right their wrongs. The wave of Fourierism, already spoken

of, was one sign of it. Nationalism and Christian-Socialism are another most cheering sign. These movements then rectify the blunder; they make the dividing line between the two contending forces vertical instead of horizontal, thereby dividing all classes, so that we have still on one side the poor, the suffering, but also the noble, the progressive and patriotic, opposed to the ignorant and the selfish who find their advantage in the present social anarchy.

This is another vital distinction, that Nationalism stands for patriotism, while European Socialism considers that sentiment a vice rather than a virtue. For this there is also ample excuse to be found, in the geographical position of Europe. It is impossible to realize Socialism in one country, say Germany, as long as Russia and France stand in a threatening attitude on its borders. No wonder then that Karl Marx closed every exhortation to his disciples with the words: "Working-men of all countries unite!" No wonder that the wage-workers have followed the injunction, and, shaking hands across the borders, ignore all merely national interests, and denounce patriotism as selfishness. All this loses considerable force when we pass to Great Britain; but here in the United States it is not applicable at all. Nationalism emphasizes the very contrary. It stamps patriotism as an ethical sentiment which in truth it is, because nations are the necessary intermediary steps in the evolution of humanity. Since love of mankind is still too weak a sentiment to move any but the choicest spirits, it behooves us wherever possible to foster patriotism, the more so as no people on earth is yet truly a "nation." And that is precisely possible and practicable in these United States. We are a self-contained nation, which is just where we have a great advantage over Great Britain. We can here realize Socialism without asking leave of others, and therefore ought to go to work and do it, without considering others, assured as we can be that we shall in the end prove ourselves the best servants of humanity. Nationalism therefore justifies its name, and might indeed with propriety call itself the American Party. We are proud of Uncle Sam, and what we intend to do is, to enable him to grow on the very lines that were laid down by the Pilgrims when they landed on Plymouth Rock.

What does this prophesy for the future? Some, perhaps,

will say that Nationalism will end as the previous movements of discontent have ended. We think the contrary solution is far more justifiable. Just this persistency augurs well for it, especially when we remember that the movement is now no mere vague sentiment, but has a definite purpose and plan, that the muscle and the conscience of the country have now for the first time joined hands. Consider for a moment that the year 2000, the year in which the scene of "Looking Backward" is laid, is not so very far ahead of us; in fact, it is precisely as far ahead of us as the American Revolution is behind us. We stand in the midst of the two periods, so that working for that future is working for our grandchildren. But consider, further, how immense our growth will be in all respects by that time. Consider our growth in population: we shall probably be two hundred millions by that time. Consider our growth in wealth, but also our growth in misery and discontent—if things go on as now. Consider how trusts and monopolies will have grown by that time, but also the organizations of the wage-workers and the disinherited—if individualism shall continue to rule. Does any sane man suppose that our people then will tamely submit to such industrial slavery? Aye, is it not as sure as anything can be, that long, long before that year comes round, our politically free, spirited, intelligent people will demand a radical transformation? Think simply of that last, final strike which is bound to come by the united organized workers against the united Trusts of the country, and which the workers necessarily must lose; will not by that time, at all events, the eyes of the people be opened to the fact, that private ownership of the means of labor is henceforth incompatible with industrial development?

This brings us to the contents, the objects of Nationalism, its negative and positive claims. The former are two: that the wage-system is now an immoral relation, and must be superseded by a more equitable system, and next, that the present capitalist, competitive system must soon fall to pieces by its own weight.

When a system is seen by good men of all classes in a democracy to be unjust and inequitable, nothing can save it. It is now plain, that the wage-system makes a commodity of the bodies and souls of the workers, that it makes them shamefully dependent on the will and whim of an individual

employer, in no way better than themselves, for the mere privilege of working for a living, and that it leaves them in horrible insecurity. This view is one of the fruits of Evolution, for a short time ago the working-classes themselves were not aware of any injustice in the system. The trades-unions of England have been engaged in a sufficient number of strikes, but all that they contended for was a better situation under the system of wages. Now they have become self-conscious, conscious of their dignity as human beings, and therefore all their organizations denounce, and are standing protests against, that system.

And they have allies everywhere. Read the pastoral of the bishops of the Episcopal church, read at the close of their late convention: "It is a fallacy to look upon the labor of men, women, and children as a commercial commodity to be bought and sold as an inanimate and irresponsible thing. The heart and soul of a man cannot be bought or hired for money in any market, and to act as if they were not needed in the world's vast works is un-Christian and unwise." This is Nationalist doctrine.

What shall we say to the fact, that Wm. H. Mallock, the anti-socialist writer, is brought by logic over to our side? In a late paper of his, he says: "The loss of security is the real injury to the modern laborer. To be discharged means to be cut off from society, thrust out of all connection with civilization, and this makes want of employment a real torture to him." And then—oh, marvel!—he goes on to advocate that the workingmen shall be made into an "estate of the realm," that is to say, that trades-unions shall be legally incorporated, shall embrace all the workers in the trades and speak with authority for them, and distribute what work there is to be done among their members. This, he says, "is the only way to lift the masses into a recognized and permanent place in the solid structure of the commonwealth." No socialist could go any farther; such a plan would effectually do away with the "scab."

And Charles F. Adams, as President of the Union Pacific R. R. Co., has in a paper in *Scribner's Monthly* pronounced in favor of a scheme that goes far in the same direction. He wants to see all the employees of railroads organized, with power to elect a board that shall see to it that all employees are sure of their positions during good behavior and also sure

of due promotion, and shall settle all grievances. That means that in the future employers will not be permitted to carry on "their" business just to suit themselves, simply because it is not "their own" business exclusively: and that, again, means that the wage-system is tottering.

No mere ornament like "Profit-sharing" will save it, which is, by the express admission of Mr. Gilman, nothing but a scheme to get the workers to create an additional fund by their labor, out of which their shares are to come; the balance, of course, going into the pockets of the employers. A pure imposition, "with which," as he says, "Profit-sharing must stand or fall."

Nationalists next contend that the present competitive system cannot possibly last, and that "imperial events" prove this conclusively. The system has had everything in its favor, especially in the United States, but the planlessness which is inherent in it, is wrecking it. Division of labor is our great principle now. No one does the whole of anything, but hands his work over to a man of a complementary trade. The world's industry is carried on as a vast co-operation of labor; is an extremely complicated machine where each trade represents a wheel. Its proper working absolutely requires one mind to look after it, that all parts may be balanced and harmonious. But, as a matter of fact, the organization of industry is now kept going by the individual self-interest of many men, working without knowledge of each other, their doings, and intentions. Everyone is guessing and guessing, generally, pretty wildly. It is a wonder, not that there is periodical depression, but that the industrial machine works at all. But what an enormous amount of waste!

This, however, leads to another point of even greater importance, one that may be called startling when first we reflect on it. That our present system of individualism and private enterprise has immensely advanced civilization is freely admitted, and it has done this mainly by advancing production to formerly unknown limits. But the point is, that this has already sometime ago been radically changed. Now instead of advancing, the system actually chokes and limits production. The system, by being a profit-system, that is to say, by carrying production on solely for the sake of profit, confines production as in a ring of granite. Our capacity for

production is illimitable, but it is not allowed to be utilized by this profit-mongering system, which restrains consumption. It is true what Prof. Walker writes: "We need a new Adam Smith to write the Economics of Consumption, in which will be found the real dynamics of wealth," and it is a most lamentable fact that our industrial leaders, wholly intent on production, and as has been said, "anxious to produce with merely a stoker and an engineer," have in their blindness and selfishness, entirely overlooked the fact that they need consumers to buy their goods of them. Now Nationalists come and say: "Let society take charge and let her permit all her willing hands and brains to work, by furnishing them the necessary capital, and then we shall see a glorious harmony between production and distribution."

This brings us at last, to the positive scheme of Nationalism: that of nationalizing all the industries which has given the movement its name, and we shall see if it is so impracticable. But please observe, that we do not speak of Bellamy's plan in particular, but of the general socialistic principle, carried out in practice. It is of this that Mr. Gilman speaks, promising to prove "how contradictory it is to the actual development of modern industry so far and its probable evolution hereafter." When the writer read these words he hastily and expectantly turned the following pages to read the fulfilment of this startling promise, but not a word of proof did he find. It is, of course, easy enough to assert such a proposition, if one is of a sufficiently rash character, but we cannot see that this mere assertion can impose on any reader. Can anyone, not wholly blind, deny that the whole evolution of industrial affairs is tending in a socialistic direction? The public is, of course, unaware, that Socialists long ago prophesied that all business would eventually, and soonest in the United States, be concentrated into monopolies. It is, however, a fact. Now we have the "Trusts," we actually behold Trusts everywhere, and we confidently call attention to them as object lessons that no sensible man can disregard, however unwelcome they may appear; and there can be no doubt that they have opened the eyes of many a Nationalist.

We saw the instability, the planlessness of business, carried on under competition. The Trust is the complete abandonment of the principle by which industry hitherto has been

developed. The Trust is the shortest road to harmonious action of all and consequent stability; but it is at the same time a concession to Socialism and its working principle; more than that, it is a practical confession of the socialistic charges that competition causes great waste and that by concentration the cost of production can be materially lessened and the market controlled so that no goods need remain unsold. In other words the Trust utilizes Socialism for the benefit of the capitalists. But it does something more important.

We saw above, that planlessness was one of the evils of the present system; that is remedied by the Trust. But there was another, and a greater evil: the lessening of consumption; for that evil the Trust is no remedy at all. It does help to harmonize production and consumption, but it does it by regulating and decreasing production, while precisely what society needs is *more* production. Now the other great effort of the Trust is that it calls attention to the practicability of socialistic principles everywhere, and shows that in no country can these principles be so easily and quickly applied to business life as here. It brings the dilemma before the public mind: either organized capital, or organized government, for organized business action we must have.

The Trusts, in other words, prepare the public mind, as nothing else could, for Nationalism, and they prepare for its advent practically. There is not the least doubt in the world that by the commencement of the next century all social activities will be conducted by Trusts, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When that is accomplished, what can be more "practicable" than to cut the heads off these "Trusts"—figuratively; *i. e.*, we depose those useless members of them who do nothing but put profits into their pockets, and let the concerns run on as before, but now carried on for the benefit of the public and of their workers and managers, producing no longer for profit's sake, but to satisfy social wants. What a benefit the information which these Trusts now collect of all that relates to the various productive agencies will prove to the future Nationalist administration!

Here a word about the distinction that is often sought to be made between semi-public functions and ordinary business. Gilman makes it, thinking it proper that Nationalism should busy itself about public gasworks, but—by heavens!—not about public milk or ice stores, no; and a similar distinction

George has tried to introduce. But what distinction is there in principle? How could we know that the manufacture and sale of tobacco could be carried on by government, if France had not successfully tried the experiment? The fact is, that every business which an individual can engage in *is* a public function. A man carries on a drug store because society, or a section of it, needs him then and there, and if he is not needed he very soon gets notice to leave. Undoubtedly business men and most people have not yet come to see their true relation to society; they believe that their business is entirely a private affair—but that is a similar paradox as when under the Ptolemaic system folks believed themselves the centre of the solar system. Nationalism will reverse all this, will make the individual's views correspond to facts.

At length we come to the old objection, which undoubtedly will be made until the actual change is accomplished, when those who then should advocate a return to the system we now have, will be looked on as fools to be laughed at: the objection put by Gilman in these words: "It will utterly subvert individuality, public freedom, and the deepest founded American institutions—will completely annihilate the American state." This objection is nothing but a misapprehension.

Remember we do not need to accept the details of Bellamy's scheme. No doubt he himself will be the first to admit, that it would be foolish to foretell the details of the reconstructed social order, still more foolish to lay down laws or plans in advance which posterity must follow. It is very easy in imagination to depict an economic society in which the most perfect freedom and individuality should be guaranteed and fostered and where our "deepest founded institutions"—including our town-meetings,—would be preserved and even developed.

We supposed the Trusts deprived of their useless functionaries—their interests, however, compensated for to their actual value, and paid for in annuities, but without interest. That will leave the workers and managers to carry on the business just as they please in the future. They will form a trades-union of their own, and determine for themselves how many hours they will work; they will choose their own foremen, managers, and superintendents—which, however, by

no means carries with it a right to dismiss them after being elected—and they will determine in what ratios their rewards should be distributed among them. The only infringement of their liberty will be that exercised by the central superintendent who distributes among the different factories the amount of goods to be produced for the coming year, and sees to it that they are manufactured in a workman-like manner. Is that not far superior to the liberty and individuality that is enjoyed now even by fortunate individuals?

Nationalism, or American Socialism, is surely coming to stay. The whole tendency of events proves it. What a proud distinction for our American civilization, compared with Europe, if the change can be accomplished here under the leadership of our intellectual classes!

EVOLUTION IN POPULAR IDEALS.

FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

RELIGION never had such overflowing vitality on its earth-side — the loving care of humanity — as it has now, therefore it can have lost no arterial life-blood on the God-side, but many persons have passed through a grand climacteric, they have suffered “the disappearance of the things they were wont to reverence, *without losing their reverence*,” and after abandoning the attempt to figure out the ultimate good in concordances and catechisms, have simply established their faith upon another basis. Thus the *sentiment* of Christianity is still pervasive and controlling in minds that have come to regard dogma as elective and non-essential.

In some other conscientious circles there are still troops of rapt virgins entering convent walls in order to live and die for an undisturbed ideal of poverty, chastity, and obedience; but this, like the guitar serenade on the Spanish peninsula, is a survival of mediævalism, not an outcome of our own civilization. This last has flowered a vastly different ideal, it has obtained another sort of victory over nature than the self-extinguishing yet ecstatic virgin in the convent; by means of a careful selection of secondary influences the century has presented us with the useful, self-reliant, cheerful virgin in the world. Recognizing that a primary physical design of nature is frustrated in herself, this flower of the age is sure, nevertheless, that the fact is too essentially incidental to be regarded as the stamp of failure upon any human destiny; sure that a given relation to one man, one family, cannot constitute the sum total, or even the major part of happiness, which depends rather upon the physical and mental constitution of a person. Under exceptional conditions she would consent to become a wife, hence she has not the sustaining power of a vow in her celibacy, the glamor of self-immolation; she simply realizes that it would

be visionary to build upon conditions so unlikely to materialize, and frames a congenial sphere for her activities without taking them into her calculation. In the varied walks of society she often finds children to love and train, without the unending responsibilities of maternity, the companionship of men in pursuits of mutual interest, without the exclusive claim of wifehood.

This representative of unmated womanhood with which evolution has been very busy for the past fifty years, is now a distinct and classified genus; as a type she is new to history. This generalization does not include such women as feel marriage to be a temperamental necessity; these, by the usual relation between demand and supply, are nearly sure to find what they seek, sooner or later, unless deformity of person or character renders them repulsive to the opposite sex; and this law is likely to have a more extended operation as woman increases her prerogative to assert the needs of her being, and to retain, in doing so, the esteem of society.

Evolution has also been remodeling the Ghost,—an offspring of the religious instinct. Man, after making his God over again in a more humane image and tearing down the Chinese wall around his Heaven, next humanizes his Ghost. The ghost of past ages, though neither god nor angel, man nor devil, was *sui generis*, a most formidable being who came forth with icy breath and steps of doom, "when churchyards yawned and graves gave up their dead," to frighten the unlucky wight into fulfilling a neglected duty, or to announce some awful fiat of divine judgment.

The ghost of to-day has a widely different temperament from his grewsome ancestor: he is a genial fellow, a boon companion in comparison; IF he comes now, it is to assure his friends that he takes a lively interest in their mundane affairs, loves them tenderly as ever, is very happy in his new home, only waiting for them to join him; that there is nothing to alarm them on the other side of the dark valley, and he has too much respect for their nervous systems to give them a serious scare on this side. That baffling conundrum, Modern Spiritualism, has been one agent in making this significant change.

The recording angel may drop a tear and blot out some of its pages when he remembers that Spiritualism has breathed one noble word from the very bosom of fraud, in persuading

thousands to regard death as a friend that enables the spirit to regain its lost estate.

Buddhist ideals, so long relegated to the musty sepulchres of an effete civilization, are having an Occidental avatar. Europe in the East, more especially the British conquest of India, has opened treasures of ancient lore in the Buddhist monasteries, and the Asiatic Societies of European capitals have been flooded with careful translations of Sanskrit literature, beginning soon after the year 1824, the time when the original documents of the Buddhist canon were discovered. It would seem as if India might in turn conquer a very choice part of England, so profoundly has her dreamy pantheism permeated scholarly circles; there is Indo-England in the realm of thought as well as Anglo-India.

Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" touched even the clerical party; Canon Liddon formed a class of young persons in the very shelter of Westminster Abbey to study Buddhism with him in its more spiritual bearings and its correlation to universal religion; and Dean Stanley yielded his sympathetic appreciation to the Oriental Christ of the "Bramo Somaj."

Many societies have been organized to interpret the gospel of the East to the West, teaching pre-existence and re-incarnation, the brotherhood of man, the development of the psychic powers of the soul, a common source of all religions and the need for a better understanding of Self through Intuition.

It is to be regretted that Theosophy was first presented to the world by Madame Blavatsky and her circle from the phenomenal standpoint of "astralism" and the cabinet-seance, for its ethical and intellectual side has an elevating tendency. The movement is suffering in public esteem from its doubtful and mysterious imitation of aerial notes and cigarette papers, the unearthing of occult cups and saucers at picnics, *et id omne genus*; but while looking at this reactionary coil, let us not be blinded by prejudice to the spring which turns toward the stars: society can never afford to lose an impetus in that direction.

This present attraction of so many thoughtful minds towards Buddhist ideals is a natural revulsion from the intense self-consciousness of former religious interpretations. The other-worldly aim of saving the personal soul after one earth life, gives a tremendous swing to the loss of the Ego in

Nirvana, after repeated births and baths of oblivion in a planetary round.

This philosophy of the East is pure and unselfish ; it would also unriddle some of the inequalities in human destiny, but there is a deep loneliness in it ; for bereavement there is no promise ; it offers the last embrace at the bier only the far-distant hope of reaching aims so altruistic, a flight so high above even man's better self to-day, that he will lose the longing for reunion with this immediate beloved, and see him in the beggar who knocks at his door. If he joins in Nirvana ages and æons hence the spiritual principle that lately dwelt in the form he is consigning to the tomb, there may be no recognition, for both will have animated thousands of intervening forms, contracted myriad other ties, and forgotten legions of them. The only sure cure then for the anguish of parting is to be found in the dark waters of Lethe ; man is exhorted to consider that " the race is himself, and to kill out all sense of separateness." The universe looks very grand under the wide-spreading canopy of Buddhism, but we soon get lost in its immensity ; self — natural, ineradicable,—cries aloud amidst high-swelling generalities, for one familiar mansion in that stupendous Hereafter, where we may identify and keep forever as we know them, those we now hold in the vital centre of our hearts.

Another figure — Alchemy — has travelled back to us from the past, disguised in a thirteenth century fashion called " Mental Healing."

It was Paracelsus who said : " The principles of Alchemy are of universal application, not restricted to the metallic and mineral kingdoms. Gold can be made by physical chemistry, but the process is poor and unproductive in comparison with the gold which can be produced by an exercise of the occult powers which exist in the soul of man ;"—and Roger Bacon wrote : " The grand secret (of transmutation) not only ensures the welfare of the commonwealth and the individual, but it may be used to prolong life, for that operation by which the most inferior metals are purged from the corrupt elements which they contain, till they are exalted into the purest gold and silver, is considered by every adept to be eminently calculated to eliminate completely the corrupt particles of the human body."

This conception of a " transcendent and essential unity,"

throughout all nature, whether organic or inorganic, Eternal Mind, the sole benign reality in which all persons and things have their being, is applied by Mental Healers with the utilitarianism of our times, to the extirpation of agues, cataracts, and tumors; the fabled Elixir is declared an inherent quality, mortal life being derived from the divine which can suffer no pain or infirmity; health therefore is only an awakening to this knowledge, and death only a necessity because a more ample garment is required for a wider, fuller sense of living.

This theory is beautiful, so was the theory of Alchemy.

In reading the records left of the Alchemystical philosophers, one is surprised to see the mass of respectable contemporary evidence in support of the "*magnum opus*," sovereigns, courtiers, and sages avowing that their own eyes saw the baser metals turned into gold by being placed in the crucible with an inscrutable dark reddish powder, — a portion, no matter how small, of the Philosophers' Stone. The more spiritual adepts declared that this powder (which was also the base of the "Elixir of Life") was prepared from no rare or magical constituents, that the Hermetic Secret was within the reach even of a child, the ability to discover it residing in the soul of man, "a wisdom-faculty, constituting a divine alliance with the Omniscient." The philosophers were unanimous that the preliminary exercises for the "sublime operation" were moral and spiritual on the part of the operator; the manifestation was merely the outward sign of an inward grace.

We are forced to conclude with all humility in behalf of our kind, that human testimony such as this is very unreliable; every lawyer and judge discovers that even under oath it is almost worthless until the period of novelty, excitement, and passion is past. The vital currents of one invalid in one sick chamber are as subtle as the Hermetic Mystery; the science and experience of the physician, and the presence of the loving heart by the bedside, often equally at fault in calculating the chances of life and death, the true causes of either not lying in the present disease or in the remedies administered, but lost to knowledge somewhere in early environment or in the still dimmer vistas of heredity; hence we may argue that it must be specially difficult to gain trustworthy evidence of the alleged cures of Mental Healers, while we may cordially admit the healthy intuition which would

turn the thoughts of the sick toward recovery, and away from the nerve-centres of disease. The condemnation of drugs, too, may have some of the modifying and salutary effects upon the public mind which Homœopathy has had upon Allopathy, and Unitarianism upon Orthodoxy.

Let us try to keep reason from being lost in this boiling, seething tumult of theories in the world to-day, and also remember that abuse and satire can never calm a maelstrom. We may even learn a deep lesson from the trend of the eddying tide; everywhere it is the insisting *Soul* of things bursting a way through the black gulf of materialism.

Science has only lately convinced thinking man that he has derived the body he cherishes from a long, vanishing line of humble and nameless ancestors—the lower animals—and the spirit within it is fighting valiantly to establish a claim to royal descent and a glorious heritage.

There has been a marked shifting of the basis of Beauty in this decade, making it a law of action in itself. Thousands of earnest people are finding a principle in beauty which is a mental support against its own mere physical allurements, and they are establishing thereby a strong link between ethics and æsthetics.

This is a twist of the spiral of progress back toward the old Platonic doctrine that the Beautiful and the Good are one, but the idea in returning, takes a higher flight than that of the average Greek and Roman, who, with all his apotheosis of art, failed to unite "the moral fair" with "the sensual fair."

The æsthetic craze has had fantastic moments; we have been obliged to smile at æsthetic teapots and the difficulty of "living up to them"; some of the moral graces of the lily and the sunflower have been invisible to the ordinary naked eye, but on the whole, the movement has been good for humanity in that it has developed a superior ideal.

The connection between "music and morals" has also been ingeniously traced out by recent talent and enthusiasm.

In Music there is an impressive departure from the old-time simplicity.

The maiden of our great cities does not listen to the ballads of minstrel and minnesinger in her father's banquet hall; her lover is not a soldier-knight who sports her ribbon in his cockade at the tournament of love and beauty, and sings his

soul out to stringed instruments under her window when resting from battle, the sole legitimate calling of gentlemen. She enjoys both love and music as much as the maiden of any past period, but each is specialized; her lover may not be able to turn a tune; she pays a grave band of artists to make music for her in "the Symphony Concert."

The Orchestra promises more and more to be the musical ideal of the future; the typical effect of that upon the soul may be recognized in such a selection as the "Pilgrims' Hymn" from Tannhauser, where an oft-recurring strain is caught in the maze of harmony; now intricate, now wild, broken and low at first, the ear scarcely catching it before it is gone, it gains strength and struggles to be free; the *motif* has a conquering power, tearing itself away at last from the thrall of many instruments it rises in rescued glory on the air, deepens in meaning, swells in volume until it fills the whole dome of aspiration by suggesting infinite satisfactions to men and women whose passionate energies are but pausing a few moments for refreshment from the varied aims which have vaulted far beyond the former contracted horizons of the race.

The Novel, too, is passing through the crucible. The best novels in the last twenty-five years have been largely psychological in character, stories of the chase of elusive ideals in love, art, patriotism, or religion. Love between the sexes is not, as formerly, the sole reigning motive of the novel,—the world still "loves a lover." So prominent a figure in life is not easily dispensed with in fiction, and yet if many authors would confess the truth, they would say they are greatly hampered by the continual demand for love-scenes between their characters; they would gladly put pages of asterisks in place of them, allowing the imagination to supply the hiatus according to taste. Writers are feeling more and more that while their province is fiction, their pleasure and ability lie in the portrayal of other passions and tendencies. If their probe goes deep enough into human nature, their preference, whatever it may be, is going to be accepted in the novel of the near future, the absence of love will be excused; already in many popular stories that ingredient is quite secondary to others. The somewhat redundant pages of "Robert Elsmere" were welcomed with avidity, and even the glaring incongruities of the "Story of an African

Farm" have found their platform, because of their more or less successful effort to fathom some phases of "the awful soul that dwells in clay."

Poetry, also, is becoming more subjective. This generation seems to lack leisure to yield itself wholly to the charm of verse, as its fathers and mothers did; it may be waiting for the rousing voice of a new master, one who will have the courage to exorcise his own mind from out of the spell of the old masters, so that he may reflect more satisfactorily in his verse our ever-expanding psychic world. The way to prepare magnetic conditions for the development of such a poet is to want him, to be on the lookout for him.

Of all arts, the Drama is the most direct reflection of the popular desire; every theatre manager will declare that he has no preference for putting on the boards Shakespeare's plays, the Song of Solomon, Mother Goose Melodies, or "Amazon Marches"; he will bring out just as fast as he can whichever is called for, and promises to pay the best. Forced to admit that the theatre for the last twenty years has been a photograph of our national taste, the more aspiring among us have been ashamed of the clap-trap, the buffoonery; they have deplored the necessity even the best play-writers have seemed to feel, for putting a strain of affectation in triumphant virtue, for striking a falsetto key all through the gamut of deep emotion, for the sake of dramatic effect. They have turned for relief to the Shakesperian drama, which, happily, is always with us, and to a few clean, wholesome old English comedies like the "Rivals."

Now at last there comes a note of reform; the trumpet sounds for a change of cast and the approach of a conqueror, one vigorous enough to throttle Tradition,—and the Norwegian Ibsen comes gravely upon the scene with the reserve power of a great race; he throws aside the soiled and faded finery of "the green room," puts out the garish light which gives us a false standard of coloring; throws open the doors and lets in the outside air, strong and pure and sharp; then he raises the curtain and shows us men and women with life-blood in their veins, makes us mourn real defeats, rejoice in real victories, and by that highest attribute of genius—suggestion—leads us to hope that "the day as we each know it may yet find a voice" upon the stage.

In every line and department of life let us hold fast to

high ideals; if they look like castles in the air, add new chambers, whole stories to them, rather than lower them one inch to fit "the sneering Present."

That marvellous Atom in the beginning, even in its low estate, must have had a latent idealism in the hidden nucleus of its being, or it could not have responded to the divine grant to a higher place in the scale of creation. If man's ideals should ever grow too large to be contained in his present status, he will at once burst his cell-wall of limitation, put out the electric cilia of his spirit, and grasp the tremendous fact that there is no obstacle to his becoming a godlike being even while on this planet.

THE CRIME OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY HUGH O. PENTECOST.

It is a constant amazement to persons awake to the enormity of the offence, that capital punishment continues to be practised in what are called civilized countries. Every consideration of public decency, social morals, ordinary humanity, and plain common sense calls for its abrogation.

It does not prevent or tend to prevent crime. It not infrequently happens that during the week or upon the very day of an execution a murder is committed almost under the nose of the executioner.

Four men were recently hanged in New York, to the scandal of the world. Each had killed a woman—his wife or his mistress. The execution was the talk of the whole country for weeks before it occurred. Everyone knew about it. It was particularly horrible because of the large number of men who were slaughtered. If ever an execution was calculated to strike preventive terror to the heart of a prospective murderer this one was. But there were two women murdered in New York State within two days of that execution, and the famous Luca murder occurred at about the same time.

The fear of the gallows does not tend to prevent murder committed in the heat of passion, as most murders are committed, nor to restrain the deliberate murderer, because he believes that he can conceal his deed. Both in theory and in fact it can be shown to those who are willing to see it, that capital punishment does not prevent or tend to prevent the commission of crime.

Capital punishment is an offence to enlightened thought and well-educated conscience because it is a measure of revenge, a sentiment which no person or people should harbor. It is said by apologists, that the theory of legal killing is not that of revenge, but that the killing is done merely as a warning to evil-doers and for the safety of

society. But this is an afterthought, an explanation which the growing humane sentiment of the people is forcing from the barbarians who defend and practise murder by law. The real reason for capital punishment is that it is commonly supposed that one who commits murder "deserves to die." When the idea of revenge is eliminated from our habits of thought with regard to criminals, capital punishment will be esteemed an act of brutality which no community would think of permitting. When we come to clearly understand that the worse criminal a man is, the more it is our duty to deluge him with moral sympathy and help, the more clearly we shall see that the main motive for capital punishment is revenge; because, as I have already said, an execution is neither a warning to possible criminals nor a protection to society.

On the contrary, it unquestionably tends to brutalize the minds of the people and familiarize them with the thought of killing. As long as the State employs persons for the express purpose of murdering men, those who are not officially employed and paid for it will also engage in the business. (Every judge who sentences a fellow being to death, every jurymen who votes for a verdict of death against a fellow being, every sheriff who carries out the sentence, every hangman who actually springs the drop, every priest or minister who assists at an execution, preparing the criminals for death by teaching them that in submitting to the crime about to be committed upon them they are conforming themselves to that which God approves, is a murderer;—none the less so because they act in accordance with the statute law and social custom. Some of the most horrible crimes against humanity are committed according to statute law and common custom. And as long as some of these legal murderers are admitted to our best society, and highly honored *because* of the murderous offices they fill, and all of them except the wretched hangman are quite respectable, murder never will be looked upon with the abhorrence it should produce in every mind.)

Wherein is the sense of legally killing a man? Does his murder restore his victim to life? Is it right, can it be right, because one murder has been committed that another should be? A tippling Catholic priest is under sentence of death by hanging in Raleigh, N. C., charged with (although it was by

no means absolutely proved) committing an outrageous assault upon a young woman. What good end will be served by hanging the man, even if he is guilty? His crime, if he committed it, was very awful, but will the maiden be any different than she is if her alleged or real assailant is hanged for the offence? There is no sense in hanging the man except for revenge, and that is a motive which cannot be defended among a civilized people. One would think that the outraged girl herself would plead for the life of the wretch who wronged her, rather than willingly go through life with the ceaseless memory that a man had been shamefully killed on her account.

I have no sympathy whatever with that sentimentality that transforms a person into a hero because he is a murderer. Carrying bouquets to criminals because they are criminals is as silly as it is unfit. A criminal should be made to feel in every possible way that, as a criminal, he has forfeited all right to the respect of his fellows. Neither have I any sympathy with the practice of carrying tracts and delivering religious homilies to criminals. There is no reason why a murderer should be rewarded for his deed by clusters of roses, or compelled to endure the dreary preaching of persons who enjoy rubbing their religion into sinners upon every possible occasion. A murderer is not worthy to be crowned with flowers, and very few of us are good enough to lecture him. We may not be murderers but we are probably not good enough to sit in judgment upon those who are. I do not believe in treating murderers to sentimental gush, or boring them with religious humbug. But neither do I think we should, from the time a man commits his crime until he expiates it on the gallows, show him nothing but the hard, vindictive side of humanity. From the moment a murder is committed, society, in the person of its policemen and prosecuting attorney, becomes a pitiless bloodhound. Clubs, handcuffs, and prison bars fill the criminal's horizon. No pity is shown him. No attempt is made to awaken the good that is in him. No effort is made to redeem him. Society becomes solely an avenger; pitiless, remorseless, thirsting for blood. The human heart turns to ice. The human hand is withheld. The human eye is averted. The human voice grows hard and dry. Society turns into an engine of death, with no more feeling than the cold blade of a guillotine.

It is no wonder that criminals become hard after the steel hand of the law once grips them. It is no wonder that so many criminals fold their arms across their stolid breasts and coolly look judge, jury, and executioner in the face, before they die, with apparent unconcern. We take all this as evidence of their bad natures, and are glad that such base beings are well hanged. We forget that no matter how brutal the murder that one man commits may be, it cannot be as cold-blooded, as base, as heartless, as the judicial murder that is conducted with all the deliberate formality of the law. The deeds of "Jack the Ripper" are fearful and cruel, but they are not so fiendish as that form of murder which conducts a human being through days, weeks, or months, of mental torture preliminary to a deliberate and heartless death at the hands of the hangman.

One of the worst phases of capital punishment, to my mind, is the invariable presence upon the scaffold, as the general assistant of the hangman, of a Christian priest or minister. At every scaffold there is a strange and significant union of Church and State. The State is there in the person of the hangman. The Church is there in the person of the priest or minister. It is the old familiar scene of the State doing deeds of violence and blood in the name of law and order, and with the sanction and concurrence of religion. It is the old combination of the secular arm doing that of which the representative of an ignoble hypothetical God approves. It is a junction of two terrible engines of unhappiness and tyranny — superstition and physical force.

It may be said that to speak of the ministers of religion in this connection and in these terms is unfair, but I think not. Most ministers of the Christian religion are upholders of capital punishment, as they are of every respectable infamy. They co-operate with the "machinery of justice" in preparing the victim of revenge for the slaughter. They are very useful coadjutors, too, because they quiet the victim's mind and, no doubt, prevent many distressing exhibitions of fear which would help to bring legal killing into disrepute. At the last execution in New York the officiating priest actually led one of the condemned men under the noose. The poor wretch was sick with fright and likely to fall down, but the priest did part of the hangman's work for him by leading the man to the shambles to be choked to death.

It is a mystery to me how these pretended disciples of one who was himself cruelly murdered by law, and who was the very apostle of love and gentleness, can engage in this horrible business. Jesus taught that if one should smite us upon one cheek we should turn to him the other, a doctrine as wise as it is humane; that if one forcibly took our overcoat we should give him our undercoat; that we should in all ways return good for evil; that we should forgive those who injure us an indefinite number of times. The whole tenor of his teaching and practice was against everything that looked toward capital punishment. And yet his pretended disciples, the priests and ministers, take part in all the hangings, and I have yet to hear of one who ever walked out upon the scaffold and uttered his protest against the bloody performance as entirely shameful, and particularly so when practised by a people who claim to be at least partially civilized. Instead of doing this they do everything they can to make the prisoners feel that in quietly submitting to be murdered they are only accepting a visitation of just punishment that has come upon them by the desire of their Heavenly Judge who is also their Heavenly Father. One of the kind of fathers, it may be supposed, who takes his child into a back room and assures him that it is very painful to be obliged to flog him, and that in doing so he will hurt himself far more than he will hurt the child, and then proceeds to give the child a beating that the brute nature of the father thoroughly enjoys. No doubt these Christian priests and ministers, many of whom are estimable persons, are quite unconscious of the shameful business in which they engage, but it is none the less a fact that they are simply the hangman's assistants.

It is gratifying to know that there is slowly growing a genuine repugnance to hanging, if not to capital punishment altogether. Cases of persons having been hanged who were afterward discovered to have been innocent; cases like the man who has just been set at liberty from Auburn prison, after having been thirty-seven years serving a life sentence, commuted from hanging, it being now discovered that he is innocent; cases of bungling at the gallows, the breaking of the rope, the struggles of the strangling men, the tearing of a victim's head half off, as recently occurred, the blood dripping down on the scaffold; such specific things, added to the general horror of the performance, are gradually helping to

awaken the sluggish sensibilities of the people to an appreciation of the enormity of the outrage that is being perpetrated upon the common sense and moral nature of the people in the name of law, order, and religion. It is gradually being felt that hanging is at least vulgar, if not wicked, and some other method of human slaughter is being sought for. In New York State killing by electricity has been adopted, and one man is already condemned to die in that manner. This certainly seems to be more in keeping with the scientific spirit of the age in which we live, and it has an air of respectability about it that hanging has not, but, in my opinion, it is a more ghastly method of judicial murder than hanging. It is, in fact, a killing device that rivals in horror the worst tortures of the worst ages of the world. A chair is to be constructed, a reclining chair, in cruel imitation of those chairs that are used for restful comfort. Into this chair the person is to be strapped, to prevent his making any unseemly gestures with his legs or arms in case the treatment makes him nervous, or to prevent his leaving the chair entirely if it should occur to him that the attentions of the legal killer were distasteful. After being strapped into the chair, and tickled a little with an electric current for the highly amusing purpose of discovering, by means of the Wheatstone bridge, how much of the fatal fluid will be required to kill him, bandages are to be placed upon the victim's head, which member will have been previously shaved, and also upon other portions of the body, perhaps the feet. To these appliances are to be attached the ends of the wires that are to convey the killing fluid. When everything is ready the executioner will touch a button and the wretched mortal will be shot with a stream of electricity, a stream of fire seven times hotter than fire is wont to be. The creature may have deep holes burned into him without killing him. He may have to be finally knocked in the head with an axe. He may be slowly burned to death in the chair, his body reduced to a charred cinder — murdered and cremated at the same time. Or, if the killing machine works as it is hoped that it will, in one moment of anguish, his life will go out.

Now, supposing this wicked contrivance works to the charm of the detestable person who could be tempted by money to devise and construct it, think of the mental torture to which the condemned person is put! The victim of the common

murderer is not forced to thus horribly anticipate death. He is not obliged to sit in a chair and see and hear his worse than Quilp-like slayer making, in cold blood, the preparation for his death. And then consider, too, that by the new contrivance this victim of the State is to meet his death in silence and alone. There are to be no witnesses of the grim and dastardly deed; no reporters, no crowd of special constables, no little group of spectators such as always at scenes of hanging enable the dying men to feel that they are in company in their last moments. There will be no expectation that thousands of persons will read the full account of the event the next day. There will be no sustaining sense of being the centre of interest for an hour, at least. This new kind of judicial murder is to be done in secret, and anyone who is familiar with the stories of torture that come to us from the dark ages knows that there were very few of the brave victims of torture in those days who could endure the suffering in solitude.

This new system of judicial murder seems to me worse than the roastings of the savages, worse than the burnings, and pinchings, and stretchings of the Inquisition; worse than these if for no other reason than that it is to be practised by those who claim to be enlightened, civilized beings. Nevertheless, there are some favorable points about it, one of which is that it is the result of a demand that there shall be a change in the manner of our killing; and another is that henceforth in one State judicial killing will be done in secret. This is a tacit confession that it must be done hereafter in secret or not much longer at all. When the State begins to be ashamed of what it does the practice is doomed, you may be sure.

It may now be asked what form of punishment should be substituted for the death penalty. It is not necessary to my purpose in writing this article that I should dwell upon that subject at all. This article is written mainly for the purpose of protesting against the crime of capital punishment, and not for the purpose of explaining what can or should be substituted for it. It will not, however, be out of place to say that the most natural substitute for the death penalty, under our form of government, would be imprisonment for a term sufficiently long to demonstrate that the offender might be safely allowed to go free. It is just as vicious, of course, to imprison a man for revenge, as to hang him for revenge.

There is, therefore, no valid reason why a murderer should be *punished* at all. It is right that he should be apprehended and confined until it is determined whether he is of such a nature or disposition as to be likely to commit more murders. But if this view of the case is too nearly in accordance with humane considerations to suit this cruel and bloodthirsty age, *then the obvious mode of punishment to substitute for judicial killing is imprisonment at hard labor for life. This is far too cruel a punishment to visit upon anyone for any crime done under the impulse of passion, but among a people who so frequently say: "Hanging is too good for him," and who are so given to lynching, it is as much of a modification of our present practice as we could expect to get.

It would be far better for society if instead of speculating on the forms of punishment we turned our attention to the means of preventing the crimes for which we punish the offenders. It has been observed that most of the murders occur among the poor people, and upon the top floors of tenement houses; that is to say, among the poorest of the poor. The connection between poverty and the crime of murder, like the connection between poverty and all other crime, is demonstrably close. If we could cure the social disease of poverty, the seeds of crime would be destroyed. The people rarely think of this. They think it is our business to punish crime; but it is our best business to prevent it. Our present organization of society manufactures criminals faster than we can possibly take care of them. Poverty degrades men; it robs them of leisure, which is absolutely necessary for the development of mind, and the proper control of the passions; it keeps the people hungry and fierce; it imbrutes them; it makes Ishmaels of them—their hand is against society as the hand of society is against them. Plant a generation of paupers, and you will reap a crop of criminals.

If we are wise we will turn our attention to the most important problem of this or any age: how to so enrich the people that the temptations to crime will be minified to the last possible degree. The solution of the problem is as simple as it is important. For every millionaire we shall have a thousand tramps; for every monopolist we shall have a hundred burglars; for every woman who lives in idleness upon the fruit of others' toil, filched from them under the

name of interest or rent, we shall have a score of prostitutes; for every vacant land owner and money limiter — the twin man-starvers — we shall have a murderer. One is the seed from which the other grows. Eliminate your monopolists, the king of whom is the owner of vacant land, and your problem of crime is settled. With open opportunities for men to apply their labor to natural wealth productions, ten-fold more wealth would be produced and equitably distributed; and with wealth many times multiplied and equitably distributed, a criminal would be more of a curiosity than the original three-toed horse.

But we need *not* wait for the disappearance of criminals before we abolish the death penalty for crime.

NATIONALISTIC SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN RANSOM BRIDGE, SECRETARY OF BOSTON NATIONALIST CLUB.

IN a letter dated July 4, 1888, Mr. Edward Bellamy wrote to a friend in Boston:

"You suggest forming an association to support and propagate the Nationalist ideas of the book (*Looking Backward*) as offering the best solution of the problems of the day. Go ahead by all means and do it if you can find anybody to associate with. No doubt, eventually, the formation of such Nationalist Clubs or associations among our sympathizers all over the country will be a proper measure, and it is fitting that Boston should lead off in this movement."

It was not until December 15, 1888, that the first regular meeting of the Nationalist Club, as now organized, was held. Within the few months since that time the movement thus started has spread over the entire country. England and Australia even have felt the wave of enthusiasm. Indeed, the seeds of Nationalism seem to take root and grow with astonishing rapidity wherever Mr. Bellamy's ideal presentation of nationalistic co-operation is read. But this can only be so because the most favorable conditions are present for the growth of this flower, whose unobstructed development will bring with it a revolution in our social life that may come without strife or bloodshed. This tendency toward co-operation on a national scale is only the logical outcome of what is taking place in all departments of our life. Within the past few years societies for some sort of mutual benefit have sprung up in countless numbers wherever the relations of life have a common interest for a score or more of individuals. These are the germs of a national co-operation. It is to clear the way for the natural development of these conditions that the Nationalist Club has been organized.

With the change, since the days of the Revolution, in our

ways of living and our social relations, there is a growing conviction that the legislative functions of the body politic have not adapted themselves to the new order of life and are becoming atrophied. The experiment our forefathers made in establishing a republican form of government was probably the wisest of all possible steps. Under the conditions then existing it secured to the people the greatest liberty and at the same time the greatest protection. Yet the same form of government is to-day failing to carry out the principle of ethics asserted in the Declaration of Independence "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This principle is still a self-evident truth, and the government that expresses it must preserve the freedom of all without interfering with the liberty of the individual. With the advance of society, largely due to the mechanical changes of this century, problems have arisen which did not confront the statesmen who so wisely drafted the Constitution of the United States. These problems could no more be foreseen, and their evils guarded against, than can the wisest law-makers of the present provide for an unlooked-for time when, perchance, natural agents of so destructive a nature have been discovered, that war means the annihilation of such bodies of men as might be engaged in it, and a revolutionary war between classes or castes would be well-nigh as destructive as a continental cataclysm; or when through the application of some now unknown law to the problem of aerial navigation, the citizen becomes a cosmopolitan. Yet such seemingly chimerical possibilities are not further removed from the present than the electric motor, the telegraph, the telephone, the limited express train, are from the days of the stage coach when Franklin with his kite was experimenting with the clouds in a thunder storm. But while the present with its unforeseen conditions and its train of evils as well as advantages could not enter into the consideration of those who framed a constitution and enacted laws for a state of society radically different than the present, they plainly recognized the possibility that the government they were founding might not be fitted to some new and then unknown order of things. Their wisdom was far ahead of their material progress. Recognizing as an eternal truth the

natural and equal rights of men, they justified their own actions and at the same time provided for future and unforeseen contingencies by boldly declaring, "that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

It is in the light of so wise a precedent that the signers of the Declaration of Principles of the Nationalist Club are led to declare:

"The present industrial system proves itself wrong by the immense wrongs it produces; it proves itself absurd by the immense waste of energy and material which is admitted to be its concomitant. Against this system we raise our protest; for the abolition of the slavery it has wrought and would perpetuate, we pledge our best efforts."

It must be remembered that government is more of an experiment than a science, and codes must be constantly changing to suit the progress of a nation or of humanity. It is also true that what might be inexpedient or wrong at one period of the world's history may be in a later time the best means of perpetuating and extending the blessings of civilization. And the Nationalists ask: If the combinations, trusts, and syndicates, of which the people at present complain, yet which they are encouraging, demonstrate the practicability of nationalistic co-operation, why not "seek to push this principle still further and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation—the people organized—the organic unity of the whole people?"

The critics that are ready to reply, ready to prove that of all possible states of society, the system of national co-operation outlined in *Looking Backward* would be the most undesirable, are more numerous in their attacks than diverse in their arguments. A recently published paper by a prominent educator against what is rapidly becoming a popular movement covers the ground taken by most of the opponents of Nationalistic Socialism who argue that the present system of competition is the true one, and that the goal of Nationalism is an "aspiration of non-scientific enthusiasts."

Dr. William T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education,

in an article in one of the current magazines for October,* takes this view in a criticism entitled "Edward Bellamy's Vision." This gentleman sees in the present social warfare of competition the only chance for "the production of individuality"; and "in the presence of this trend of our civilization and of other civilizations, explained and confirmed by religion and science," he pauses "in surprise before a movement so reactionary as this one of Nationalistic Socialism."

Before looking at the "proposed revolution" from an economical point of view, Dr. Harris touches on the influence of the social-science novel in producing popular movements of a national character. Dickens is mentioned as the one who "first aroused the present impulse to secular charity organization." "Mrs. Stowe, also through a novel, precipitated our civil war." The analysis of Socialistic theories in general is then prefaced by a statement that "Looking Backward" is also an "eminent example" of the social science novel.

For his ground of argument, Dr. Harris states:

"There are two assumptions underlying this book and all books of its species. They furnish the major premise or fundamental reason which is to move the reader to adopt the principles of socialism in place of the doctrine of individual ownership and free competition. The first of these takes for granted that under the principle of competition the rich grow richer and fewer, while the poor grow poorer and more numerous."

"The second assumption is that the few rich people are rich at the expense of the poor; that the poor, in short, create wealth, while the rich have a faculty of depriving them of it, honestly or dishonestly, but under the protection of the law."

In common with most writers against any plan of Nationalistic co-operation, Dr. Harris uses the term government in a sense contrary to the definition of the word by a Nationalist or Socialist. He speaks of "government," "national syndicate," and "nation," as an autocratic power apart from the will of the people. "For this (the present) system of freedom it (Nationalistic co-operation) would substitute," says Dr. Harris, "a strict military system, in which the government is the sole will." In another paragraph: "His (Bellamy's) National Syndicate, which owns all the means of

*The Forum.

production, and governs all the industry, and distributes to each individual in the community an equal share in the total product" is the autocrat feared. He also voices a common but misleading conception of our present government: "Previously (referring to the present) governments existed to administer justice and guarantee to the individual his freedom or action; but under the new regime they shall take charge of and direct all action." In other words, the government is a paternal power which exercises an absolute control over the people and yet is independent of them. At present, according to Dr. Harris, it administers equal justice to the rich and to the poor. Under the form and name of a National syndicate, or some other expression indicating national co-operation, there would be no such thing as justice or freedom of action.

In thus arguing against Nationalistic co-operation, on the ground that it would father some sort of a paternal or autocratic government upon the people, the very danger is assumed as one of the evils of Nationalism, that the Nationalist Club is organized to oppose. The Nationalists believe, first of all, in a true republic, in which the government is the expression of the will of the people. There cannot be an autocracy in a body of self-governing people. A true national government, call it by what name you please, is not the end, but the means to an end for the well-being of the body politic, and if our present industrial system is making it possible for a plutocracy or a national syndicate of capitalists "to take charge of and direct all action," it is self-evident that the people have the right to alter or abolish such a system. In common with Dr. Harris, many writers assert there is no real ground for the Nationalist's assumption that the rich are growing richer and fewer, while as a direct consequence the poor are growing relatively poorer and more numerous.

To support the argument that the Nationalistic and kindred theories of the Socialist concerning the concentration of wealth is "a product of the imagination and not the result of an inquiry into existing facts," British statistics are often quoted, as the problem of the distribution of wealth in this country has not been investigated in the degree that is demanded by the gravity of the question or the interests of those who produce our wealth. The statistics given by Mulhall, Levi, and Giffen prove that in Great Britain, during the

past thirty or forty years, the average income of all classes, even the poorest, has risen. Yet under what circumstances? The figures generally given in proof are the average incomes dating from about the year 1841, when 1,200,000 persons were carried off by the Irish famine, and the income of the poorest classes was not sufficient to keep body and soul together. Mulhall, in his "Fifty Years of National Progress," thus sums up the condition of the British laboring classes between 1840 and 1880:—

"There was an increase of wages averaging 50 per cent. from 1840 to 1880, but since the latter year much of that advance has been lost. Wages are nominally as high now as in 1880, but the number of men working full time is less. . . . After making all deductions we find that the workingman earns 20 or 25 per cent. more than in 1840, and the prices of necessities have mostly fallen. These advantages are counterbalanced by the rise in rents, for whereas house property in 1840 averaged a value of £30 per inhabitant, it now stands for £75, a proof that rents have risen 150 per cent."*

He then goes on to state that convictions for drunkenness have increased 50 per cent. since 1860; that insanity is spreading, that nervous diseases are becoming more common; that divorce and suicide are increasing. Since 1837, he estimates that 77,000 persons have committed suicide in Great Britain alone. If France, Germany, and Austria are included, the number rises to 610,000. During the same period the general wealth of Great Britain has increased 124 per cent.; trade, 472 per cent.; but the value of land has fallen £430,000,000 or \$2,150,000,000 and 9,000,000 souls have emigrated.

In 1887, according to Mulhall's estimate, one-thirteenth of the English people owned two-thirds of the national wealth. This is the real question with which the Nationalist is concerned. It is not whether the incomes of the poorest classes average a little above or a little below the amount absolutely necessary to maintain an existence. If their incomes had not increased, their numbers would have decreased as in the year 1841. The startling fact is that while the incomes of the great mass of the people have increased slightly in an arithmetical ratio, the rich have multiplied their incomes in a

*pp. 99-100.

geometrical ratio. It is patent that even in titled England a new aristocracy of money is beginning to elbow the long line of nobility, whose estates and titles have come down in so many cases, from the days of the Norman robbers and William the Conqueror. It is a trite but true saying that "history repeats itself."

Dr. Harris and several daily and weekly papers after him, in order to prove that the rich cannot become richer and fewer at the expense of the poor, have quoted the true law of capital as announced by Cary and Bastiat: "As capital increases it draws a smaller proportional amount from the product as its share, while labor gets a larger proportional amount." This law in some cases may hold good, when the whole mass of the laborers are considered; but it cannot be applied to the case of the individual. All the law means is that the larger the number of laborers, the larger proportional share they collectively must take of the product of their labor. With the increase in the number of laborers the individual wage of each may be decreased, while the income of the capitalistic employer is rapidly increasing. In fact, this is what generally happens.

It is in America, first, however, not England, that the Nationalists hope for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth of the future. And it is here that statistics in regard to the distribution of wealth most concern us.

In the *Forum* for November, Mr. Thomas G. Shearman presents some most interesting and instructive figures, showing who are "The owners of the United States." A list of seventy fortunes are given representing an aggregate wealth of \$2,700,000,000.

"The writer has not," he says, "sought for information concerning anyone worth less than \$20,000,000, but has accidentally learned of fifty other persons worth over \$10,000,000, of whom thirty are valued in all at \$450,000,000, making together 100 persons worth over \$3,000,000,000; yet this list includes very few names from New England and none from the South. Evidently, it would be easy for any specially well-informed person to make up a list of one hundred persons averaging \$25,000,000 each, in addition to ten averaging \$100,000,000. No such list of concentrated wealth could be given in any other country in the world. The richest dukes of England fall below the average wealth of a dozen American citizens; while the greatest bankers,

merchants, and railway magnates of England cannot compare in wealth with many Americans. . . . The average annual income of the richest hundred Englishmen is about \$450,000; but the average annual income of the richest hundred Americans cannot be less than \$1,200,000, and probably exceeds \$1,500,000. It follows, inevitably, that wealth must be far more concentrated in the United States than in Great Britain; because, where enormous amounts of wealth are placed in a few hands, this necessarily implies that the great mass of the people have very small possessions."

While Mr. Shearman thinks that wealth, in England, is more widely distributed than it was forty years ago, owing to the growth of the middle classes, he says of the United States:

"In America the drift has been in precisely the opposite direction. Federal taxation has increased six-fold since 1860, and the whole of this increase has been taken out of the relatively poorer classes. At the same time, the profit which is secured to the wealthier classes by the adjustment of indirect taxation in their interest has been increased not less than ten-fold. The wealthy classes, collectively, have made a clear profit out of the indirect effects of taxation to an amount far exceeding all that they have paid in taxes, although this profit has been absorbed by a minority of even the rich. But, apart from this, the whole system of taxation is and has been such as to take from the rich only from 3 to 10 per cent. of their annual savings, while taking from the poor 75 to 90 per cent. . . . The United States of America are practically owned by less than 250,000 persons, constituting less than one in sixty of its adult male population.

"Within thirty years, the present methods of taxation being continued, the United States of America will be substantially owned by less than 50,000 persons, constituting less than one in five hundred of the adult male population."

Some weeks before the publication of the statistics compiled by Mr. Shearman, Mr. Edward Bellamy, as the result of an independent examination of such statistics as he could obtain upon the subject, estimated that:

"The property of less than 100,000 men in the United States aggregates more than the total possessions of the balance of say, 59,900,000, if we call the present population 60,000,000. In the State of Michigan, to use a single illustration, one two hundredths part of the population own 61 per cent. of the real-estate valuation, and this is a better showing than many States make. Ten thousand people own nearly the whole of New York City with

its 2,000,000 population. The entire bonded debt of the United States is held by 71,000 persons only, and over 60 per cent. of it is in the hands of 23,000 persons. Figures like these, of which a volume could be furnished, suffice to show how completely that equality of citizens upon which the republic was founded, and only could have been founded, has become a tradition."

In a recent lecture in Music Hall, Boston, Rev. W. H. H. Murray stated that so far as the actual wealth of the capitalists of this country could be ascertained, over fifty per cent. of our total wealth was owned by 25,000 persons. Here are three sets of figures which virtually coincide, yet were independently compiled. The story they tell must make every thinking man pause and consider. Yet the rich are not the cause of this growing evil. Those best situated to do so have taken advantage of the fact that production on the largest scale is the cheapest production. This has been demonstrated in every line of business, even down to agriculture. In sections of the West such great food factories as the Grandin farm of 40,000 acres near Fargo, Dakota, have come into competition with the small farms, most of which are heavily mortgaged at a high rate of interest. As a result the number of small tenant farmers is increasing at an enormous rate. In 1830 the number of tenant farmers in the United States was over a million, or some two hundred thousand more than the entire holdings of Great Britain. But these "bonanza" farms are a small matter compared with such accumulations of capital as are represented by the Standard Oil Company, which paid in 1887 a profit of \$20,000,000 on a watered capital of \$90,000,000; or of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Trust, which has paid \$30,000,000 since 1870, on a capital of only \$2,500,000. The coal monopoly, the sugar trust, and a thousand other syndicates and corporations are on every hand bleeding the people. And to represent this great money power, we have what is often spoken of as "the Rich Men's Club," the Senate of the United States, the majority of the members of which either are millionaires or directly represent great accumulations of capital. Does this body represent the collective will of the people, or the behests of the few thousand capitalists owning the larger half of the wealth of this great country? Is it to be wondered at that the words of Edward Bellamy touch a responsive chord in so many hearts?

"The nation (the people) became the sole employer (instead of the money kings), and all the citizens by virtue of their citizenship became employees. . . . The nation guarantees the nature, education, and comfortable maintenance of every citizen from the cradle to the grave."

What a different aspect human life might take if we could look out upon our surroundings from the impersonal ground of a Sir John Lubbock watching the manœuvres of a colony of ants. The desire for some personal advantage over our neighbors in wealth, pleasure, social position, fame, would not obscure the real outlines of the great social questions of the day. Had Sir John Lubbock seen, in his ant-hill under view, a few ants of enormous strength appropriating the supplies of food as brought in by the great army of laborers in the colony, and if the gentleman knew by other observations that the workers in the hill had no chance of getting back the product of their industry, even in a winter's famine, there are few who would not agree with him, if his sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the many and he summarily ended the existence of the robber ants. Yet, in our own human life, this is only the position of the extreme Socialist in his declaration that if the few persistently oppose a fair distribution among the producers of the products of their labor, such obstructors should be removed, and if necessary, by force. We recoil, however, at the thought of a personal application of the impersonal justice we might meet out to the ants, and quite properly do we feel that such a course would be the extreme of lawlessness. Yet the fact is, that there are a growing body of men, and women too, for that matter, who, rightly or wrongly, look upon the capitalist as a robber who should be summarily executed, as were common thieves in the middle ages. It is of little use to tell them that the capitalist as well as the poor man is one of the unnatural growths of our brutal system of competition. They believe, preach, and teach but one remedy for existing evils, and that is force. Their groups are scattered over our country. Their system of organization is such and so secret, that two mechanics working side by side may belong to different groups of the same organization and be unaware of their fraternity, until, in some crisis, both are called out. In the day of a future year, perhaps, when crops fail or a great financial panic sweeps over the country, and strikes become

general, they hope to place themselves at the head of the thousands of discontented that everywhere will join them and then begin the war of extermination. The Bastille fell when the guards sided with the mob. The rank and file of those who enforce our laws are and must be drawn from the class who are the greatest sufferers from their unjust application. It is a dangerous experiment to educate a man and teach him what are his natural rights, then deprive him of them. Only ignorance and servitude can long keep company.

"How it may come that the New Zealander shall yet sit and meditate on the broken arch of London Bridge, the strike of the London dock laborers gives something like a suggestion," says Henry George. Perhaps John Burns held his ragged army of starving men in check because he knew the time was not yet ripe for action such as he at other times has preached.

The private army of the Pinkertons, of the Coal Barons, the cordon of private soldiers already drawn around the possessions of many of our great corporations, emphasize the fact that an enemy is knocking at the doors of our civilization; a Frankenstein born of the times, and we can neither drive it away nor subdue it, for it is the negative pole of our present social life. By the law of equality, fraternity, co-operation, we can change its nature from evil to good, but to accomplish this, we must alter present conditions at the other pole where are gathered fortunes that dazzle the eyes of the whole world.

The protest of the Nationalist is against both extremes. He is not a revolutionist, but a counter-revolutionist. The logical outcome of individualism is anarchy and chaos. But it is doubtful if this extreme point could be reached. The continuation of the present trend if guided by the rich and selfish must result in a few becoming the masters of the people. It is to prevent this calamity, it is to preserve, not surrender, what has been gained through more than eighteen hundred years of struggle, that the Nationalist asks for a national guarantee, under a co-operative government, that exact and impartial justice shall be dealt out to every man, woman, and child, that compose the nation. Such a guarantee would not restrain the liberty of the individual. It is to-day that the many have no chance for a career. If the products of labor were justly distributed, if the enormous waste and

extravagance of the present system were abolished, not only the fortunate few, as at present, but the many, would have time and opportunity to cultivate the abilities which would best fit them to render that rare service to mankind which is now so seldom given owing to want of scope for natural development. Given the conditions, and the poet, the artist, the scholar, the statesman, the inventor, will live for but one object, — to make great a civilization whose life is to become an incarnation of true divinity.

TO DESTROY THE "RUM POWER."

BY HENRY GEORGE.

FOR years the liquor question has been largely and widely discussed in the United States. But the discussion has turned on the kind and degree of legal restriction that ought to be applied to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink, and the political effects of this restriction have been but little considered. The "rum power" has been sufficiently recognized and bitterly denounced; but without inquiry into its nature and causes, has been generally treated as one of the evils that make restriction necessary.

Yet the political influence of the various interests connected with the manufacture and sale of liquor is a matter of sufficient importance to demand some consideration in itself, and apart from the question of temperance. For the "rum power" is certainly a fact of the first importance. It is an active, energetic, tireless factor in our practical politics, a corrupt and debauching element, standing in the way of all reform and progress, a potent agency by which unscrupulous men may lift themselves to power, and an influence which operates to lower public morality and official character.

Intemperance is a grave evil. But it is not the only evil. Political corruption is also a grave evil. The most ardent advocate of temperance would probably admit that there may be a point where the one evil may be outweighed by the other, and would hesitate to accept the total abstinence that prevails in Turkey if accompanied with Turkish corruption of government. There is no instance in which intemperance among a civilized people has stopped advance and turned civilization back towards barbarism, but the history of the world furnishes example after example in which this has occurred from the corruption of government, ending finally in corruption of the masses.

While the lessening of intemperance may be the most important end that under present conditions we can seek; while

it may be that in our liquor legislation we should disregard all other effects if we can secure this, it is nevertheless wise that we should at least consider what these effects may be. In the presence of the giant evils springing from the existence of the "rum power" in our politics, it is certainly worth while to inquire how the existence of this power stands related to our restrictive liquor legislation.

A little consideration will show that they are indeed related, and that this relation is that of cause and effect. Not as is generally assumed, the rum power being the cause and the restrictive legislation the effect of opposition aroused by it, but the restrictive legislation being the cause, and the appearance of the "rum power" in politics the effect of this restriction.

This we may see from general principles, and a wide experience. While there is any possibility of changing them through political action, legal restrictions on any branch of business must introduce into politics a special element, which will exert power proportioned to the pecuniary interests involved.

We restrict the importation of wool by putting a duty on wool and immediately there arises in our politics a wool power to send lobbyists to Washington, to secure the nomination and election of members of Congress, to exert an influence upon party organization and conventions and to contribute to political corruption funds. We put a duty on iron and at once there arises an iron power to log-roll and bulldoze, to bribe and corrupt, to use our politics in every way for the defense or promotion of its special interests, and uniting with other special interests of the same kind to exert such influence on the organs of public education and opinion as to make the great body of the American people actually believe that the way to make a people rich is to tax them. We interfere with the industry of making cigars by imposing an internal revenue tax on cigars, and as a consequence we have a league of cigar manufacturers ready to spend money and to exert political influence to maintain the tax, which, by concentrating business, gives them larger profits. The match industry is comparatively very small; yet the tax on matches imposed during the war begot a match power which though not large enough to cut any figure in the politics of the country at large, was sufficient to be perceptible at Washington when the ques-

tion of reducing taxes came up. Or, to take a case where the popular reason for the restriction is of the same kind as that for restriction on the manufacture and sale of liquor, we have put a high duty on opium. Hence the growth of a combination or combinations on the Pacific Coast, making some millions a year by smuggling opium. To make sure of the retention of the duty and keep in place officials blind eyed to the operations of the smugglers, the pecuniary interest thus created must take part in politics—for under our system the power to get votes and to manage conventions is the foundation of the power to make laws and secure appointments.

If such be the effects of simple restrictions what must be the effect of such restrictions as we impose on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. What would they be on any other business? There are people who believe the wearing of corsets a deleterious habit, greatly injurious to American women. Others contend that wearing corsets in moderation is harmless if not helpful, and that it is only the excess of tight lacing that is injurious. But without concerning ourselves with this we can readily imagine the effects of applying to the corset business the restrictions now imposed on the liquor business.

If the Federal Government were to put such a tax on the manufacture of corsets as it does on whiskey, we would soon have a corset ring, with large pecuniary interests in the retention of the tax, in the rulings of the department, and in the appointment of internal revenue officials.

If corset selling were restricted by licenses as is liquor selling, the privilege would become valuable, and its holders have reason to "keep solid" with the dominant party. Where it was prohibited, illicit sales, it is risking nothing to predict, would still go on. These illicit sellers would all the more need the favor and connivance of officials owing their places to politics, and must therefore use their influence and spend their money in politics.

Just what would thus follow from corset restrictions has followed from liquor restrictions. The effect of the tax on the manufacture of liquor is to concentrate the business in the hands of larger capitals and stronger men, and to make evasions a source of great profit. It is thus directly to concern large pecuniary interests in politics, in order to maintain

the tax and to influence or control the officials concerned with its administration.

This is the genesis of the American whiskey ring, which sprung into the most pernicious activity with the imposition of the two dollar per gallon tax,—a tax which led to the most wide-spread political debauchery and corruption. The reduction of this tax to fifty cents a gallon—accomplished against the efforts of the ring—has greatly reduced this corruption and lessened the political influence of the whiskey ring.

But it still exists, as it will exist while the tax on liquor remains a potent factor in national legislation, bringing its money and its influence into all elections where its interests are even remotely affected. Here is what Hon. Earnest H. Crosby, in an article in the May *Forum*, entitled "The saloon as a political power," has to say of one branch of it:

"The brewers deserve special notice. Their immense wealth gives them opportunities for wholesale bribery. They raise enormous funds for use in all canvasses in which the temperance issue is raised. But the brewers have a greater power than mere riches. Each brewery has a large number of beer-shops under its direct control. They select men-of-straw, provide the money to establish them in business, and take back chattel mortgages on the saloon fixtures. They thus gain absolute possession of the mortgagor, body and soul, and he follows their directions in politics implicitly. One firm of brewers in a leading city holds six hundred chattel mortgages of this kind, aggregating \$310,134 in value. Another has two hundred and eight, valued at \$442,063. We can see in a moment the concentration of power which such a system affords. The saloons in order to rule must combine, and here is a plan of combination already provided. One example will show how this power is used. Two years ago the brewers in a strong Democratic district determined to send an attorney of theirs, Mr. A. P. Fitch, to Congress. They secured the Republican nomination for him. The Democratic bar-rooms were ordered to support him, and he was elected. While serving his term in Congress, the Mills Bill, leaning toward free trade, came up for consideration. The brewers were in favor of reducing the surplus in this way, as they desired the internal revenue to remain untouched. Mr. Fitch left his party and voted for the Mills Bill. The brewers turned to, obtained the Democratic nomination for him, and elected him again in the same district."

Not entirely the brewers. Men like myself voted for Mr. Fitch, as we always will vote in favor of a Republican who

inclines to free trade, or indeed a Republican protectionist, as against a Democratic protectionist. As to the political influence of the liquor power in New York Mr. Crosby is right. It was thrown against me in solid mass when I ran for mayor in 1886. A deputation came to me to ask what my course if elected would be. My reply was that so far as it might devolve on me, I would enforce the law without fear and without favor. But I have no reason to think that this had any effect on the action of the liquor men. They supported Mr. Hewitt because the Excise Commissioners and the Police Department were in his favor.

It is high time that these brewers were brought to their senses. They sustain the internal revenue system because it keeps others from competing with their monopoly, and also because they buy their revenue stamps at wholesale, at seven and one-half per cent. discount, and charge them to their customers at par. One well-known firm is said to make \$28,000 a year by this arrangement. In their effort to preserve the internal revenue, the brewers support tariff reduction, and even free trade; but only in so far as it does not injure them.

In Great Britain the excise system has produced the same effects — the concentration of the business, the accumulation of enormous fortunes, the control of public houses by brewers and distillers and the building up of a political power which is a bulwark of Tory conservatism and an obstacle to all real reform and advance. To tax liquor is inevitably to call a "rum power" into politics.

Where the liquor sellers do not throw their money and influence into politics of their own volition they are forced to do so. In New York, for instance, the influence and the contributions of the liquor sellers are controlled by the party of factions that control the excise commissioners and the police department, and the liquor sellers are compelled to use their influence and give their money at every election. Indictments are found for violations of excise regulations and corded up in pigeon holes by the thousand, never to be taken down unless the saloon keeper is recalcitrant, while spasmodic raids and arrests enforce the necessity of keeping on the good side of the powers that be.

And besides the work that is compelled and the "voluntary contributions" that are exacted for party, there is special

service and ransom to individual officials and politicians. This is one of the reasons why such enormous amounts of money are spent in New York even in trivial election contests and why officials grow rich on small salaries. This enormous liquor influence, organized, disciplined, and controlled through the very laws intended to lessen the evils of intemperance, is one of the great agencies which have made democratic government in the true sense of the term as non-existent in New York as in Constantinople.

As it is in New York so is it in degree at least in other cities. Where licenses are limited in number they become but the more valuable. When they are raised in price the number of unlicensed liquor sellers who are even more under the control of corrupt politicians than are the licensed ones, increase.

In Philadelphia the adoption of high license and the placing of the power to grant licenses in the hands of judges of the courts has produced remarkable results in diminishing intemperance and crimes growing out of it. But "a new broom sweeps clean." And whether the ultimate result in this respect be good or bad, it is certain that in the long run the political power growing out of the liquor business will not be diminished, and that the pecuniary interests involved in the traffic will enter into the nomination and election of judges.

Prohibition puts liquor selling under the ban of the law. Hence where liquor selling continues, as it does in every prohibition State, it must be by connivance of officials and by favor of politicians. Thus the work and the money of the illegal liquor sellers build up a "rum power" relatively stronger than where restriction has not been carried to the length of prohibition. In Maine, where prohibition has been longest tried, it is said to be the control of the illicit sellers of liquor which keeps the State in the hands of the Republican party — not because it is the Republican party, of course, but because it is the party in power.

In Iowa, where ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself in framing legal provisions to absolutely prevent either the manufacture or the sale of liquor, the returns of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that United States license taxes were paid during the last fiscal year by 7 rectifiers, 25 wholesale liquor dealers, 2,758 retail liquor dealers, 41 brewers, 50 wholesale dealers in malt liquors and

223 retail dealers. These people did not pay United States special taxes out of patriotism. If so many of them paid these United States taxes, how much must they, and the far greater number not thus returned (the proportion of 41 brewers and 50 wholesale dealers to 223 retail beer sellers is very significant), have paid as hush money and political subscriptions.

The more carefully the subject is examined the more clear I think it will appear that to eliminate the "rum power" as a corrupting element in our politics by restrictive laws is hopeless. On the contrary it is restriction that brings it into our politics. There is only one way of eliminating it from politics, and that is by doing away with all restrictions, from Federal tax to municipal license, and permitting "free trade in rum."

To many people this will seem like saying that the only way of getting rid of the trouble of keeping pigs out of a garden is to throw down the fences and let them root at will. Others will see in the increase of intemperance which they will associate with free trade in liquor, greater evils than the corrupting political influence of the "rum power." Yet even if this be so, it is at least worth while to see that in attempting to cure one evil by restriction we are creating another.

But is it so? To abolish all taxes on liquor would be to make liquor cheap and easily obtained. But would this be to increase drunkenness?

Is there more intemperance in countries where liquor is relatively cheap than in countries where it is very dear? Did the two dollar tax on whiskey lessen drunkenness? Did the reduction to fifty cents increase it? Is there more drunkenness among the rich whose power to purchase all they want is not lessened by the artificial enhancement in the cost of liquor than there is among the poor, on whose power to purchase this enhancement must most seriously tell? Is it not notorious that men too poor to get proper food, clothing, shelter for themselves and their families do still manage to get drunk? And among the temperate men or total abstainers who read this page, is there one whose abstinence is due to the costliness of liquor?

All our restriction, even to the point of absolute legal prohibition, does not, except perhaps in some places to strangers and in some small communities, really prevent the man who

wants liquor from getting it. Where it even closes the open saloon it only substitutes for it the drug store, the club room, the back door and the kitchen bar.

On one Sunday in New York I had to ride from the upper end of the island to the Astor House to get a little liquor for medicinal purposes, but it was only because one of the periodical raids against Sunday selling was on, that I was a stranger, and perhaps that I looked like a temperance man. People known to the saloon keepers or druggists could get all they wanted. I have never lived in a prohibition State, but I have never been in one where there seemed any difficulty in getting liquor. In Burlington, Iowa, I saw saloons openly doing business; in De Moines, I saw young men drunk in the hall of the principal hotel at mid-day; in Lewiston, Maine, I was recently told that there were some three hundred places where liquor was sold, mostly kitchen bars; and in a Vermont town a prosecuting attorney, even then prosecuting some offenses against the prohibitory law, took me into his back room and producing a bottle and glasses from a closet and setting them on the table remarked, "It is against the law to sell or to give liquor as a beverage, but there is no law to prevent a man from taking it if he sees it lying around."

But the artificial enhancement in the cost of liquor by taxation and restriction does have the effect of promoting adulteration. With no tax whatever upon spirits they would be too cheap to make adulteration pay. But every artificial increase in cost is a premium on the substitution of poisonous mixtures for the pure article. The abuse of liquor is bad enough; but there can be no question that much of the evil that is attributed to liquor is due to adulterations not really entitled to the name. Dr. Willard H. Morse, in the *North American Review*, says: "If two puppies are fed, the one on the whiskey of the saloons, and the other on the purest product of distillation, the autopsy of the former will show a diseased brain, while the brain of the latter will be found to be normal." Drug store whiskey is reputed worse than saloon whiskey, and the worst whiskey of all is said to be prohibition whiskey.

And the effect of these poisonous adulterations which our restrictions promote and encourage is, it must be remembered, not merely to make the drinking habit more deadly, it is to

produce a quicker and stronger craving on the part of those who partake of the stuff, and thus to make confirmed drinkers—to produce a diseased condition of body and mind which urges the victim to satisfy the insane craving at all risks and costs.

That the abolition of all taxes on the manufacture and sale of liquor would increase the consumption of liquor is doubtless true. It would increase its consumption in the arts and for domestic purposes; but that it would increase its consumption as a beverage is not so clear. For there are certain exceptions to the general rule that consumption is inverse to cost. Where a depraved appetite is the cause of consumption no increase of cost that we have found practicable, will reduce consumption, and where ostentation prompts consumption, decrease of cost is apt to lessen it. If invention were to reduce the cost of diamonds to a cent or two a pound their consumption in the arts would much increase, but their consumption for personal adornment would cease. Where sturgeon are scarce and costly, their meat is esteemed a delicacy and placed before guests; where they are very plenty and cheap they are thrown out of the nets or fed to pigs.

The most ardent temperance men, whether favoring high license or prohibition, will not contend that in the present conditions of society it is possible by any amount of legal restriction to prevent liquor drinking. But they will contend that restriction tends to discourage the formation of the drinking habit, by lessening the temptations to begin it.

Now the great agencies in the formation of the drinking habit are social entertainment, the custom of treating, and the enticements of the saloon.

Does restriction tend in the slightest degree to discourage the setting of liquor before guests in private houses and at social entertainments? There is probably less of this in the prohibition States than in the non-prohibition States, and there is certainly less of it now in all sections than there was in preceding generations when the restrictions were less or did not exist. But this is not because of prohibition or restriction, but because of the stronger moral sentiment against liquor drinking, and of which the restriction or prohibition is one of the manifestations. No man disposed to drink or to set drink before others in private, refrains from doing so be-

cause of any statute law. Legislatures may impose penalties, but they have no power to make people think wrong what before they deemed right. Prohibition may have some little effect on public and official entertainments, and the increased cost of liquor may have some effect in preventing it being set before guests. But on the other hand the prohibition of what is not felt to be wrong in itself provokes a certain disposition to it, and the greater costliness of a thing prompts the offering of it to those we would compliment. The treating habit which springs from a desire to compliment or to return a compliment, is certainly strengthened by the costliness of liquor. Millionaires do not ask each other to go out and take ten cents' worth of whiskey or five cents' worth of beer when they want to be complimentary or sociable. But men to whom five or ten cents is an object do, and unless the treat is in discharge or recognition of some obligation they feel themselves bound to return it in kind. Now with liquor so cheap as it would be if there were no tax or restriction on its manufacture and sale, the treating habit would certainly be largely weakened. If whiskey were as cheap as water, it would entirely die out. Who thinks of treating another to water, or feels the refusal of another to empty a glass of water into his stomach a slight; or imagines that because one man offers a glass of water to each of a party that each one of the party must in his turn offer a glass of water to all the others?

As for the saloon, the license system makes it more gorgeous and enticing; while prohibition drives it into lower and viler forms. What really would be the effect of absolute free trade in liquor? At first blush it may seem as if it would be to enormously multiply saloons. On second consideration it will seem more likely that it would utterly destroy them. This is certain, that if anywhere that saloons exist a proposition were made to do away with all tax, license, or restriction, the saloon keepers would be its most bitter opponents. And they would quickly assign the reason, "If everybody were free to sell liquor we would have to go out of the business."

The liquor saloon as we know it is a specialization which can only exist by the concentration of business which restriction causes. Were liquor as cheap as it would be were all taxes on it removed, and were everyone free to sell it, it might be sold in every hotel, in every boarding or lodging

house, in every restaurant, druggist's, bakery, confectionery, grocery, dry-goods store, or peanut-stand, but places specially devoted to its sale could not be paved with silver dollars, or ornamented with costly paintings, or set fine free lunches, or provide free concerts, even if indeed they could continue to exist. And where liquor was sold in connection with food, entertainment, or other things, and at the prices which free competition would compel, it would not pay to let men drink themselves into intoxication or semi-intoxication or in any way to provoke or encourage the drinking habit.

In short, I believe that examination will show that the sweeping away of all taxes and restrictions, would not only destroy the "rum power" in our politics, but would much decrease intemperance.

And this view has the support of one of the keenest of observers. Adam Smith, who treats this matter at some length in Chap. 3, Book IV, of the *Wealth of Nations*, says :

"If we consult experience, the cheapness of wine seems to be a cause, not of drunkenness, but of sobriety. The inhabitants of the wine countries are in general the soberest people in Europe. . . . People are seldom guilty of excess in what is their daily fare. Nobody affects the character of liberality and good fellowship, by being profuse of a liquor which is cheap as small beer. . . . When a French regiment comes from some of the northern provinces of France, where wine is somewhat dear, to be quartered in the southern, where it is very cheap, the soldiers, I have frequently heard it observed, are at first debauched by the cheapness and novelty of good wine; but after a few months' residence, the greater part of them become as sober as the rest of the inhabitants. Were the duties upon foreign wines, and the excises upon malt, beer, and ale to be taken away all at once, it might, in the same manner, occasion in Great Britain a pretty general and temporary drunkenness among the middling and inferior ranks of people, which would probably be soon followed by a permanent and almost universal sobriety."

"*Almost universal sobriety*," wrote Adam Smith in *Kirkcaldy*, somewhere in the early seventies of the eighteenth century. Writing as the wonderful nineteenth century nears its final decade and in the great metropolis of a mighty nation then unborn, I can say no more, if as much. The temperance question does not stand alone. It is related — nay, it is but a phase, of the great social question. By abolishing liquor

taxes and licenses we may drive the "rum power" out of politics, and somewhat, I think, lessen intemperance. Thus we may get rid of an obstacle to the improvement of social conditions and increase the effective force that demands improvement. But without the improvement of social conditions we cannot hope to abolish intemperance. Intemperance today springs mainly from that unjust distribution of wealth which gives to some less and to others more than they have fairly earned. Among the masses it is fed by hard and monotonous toil, or the still more straining and demoralizing search for leave to toil; by overtaxed muscles and overstrained nerves, and under-nurtured bodies; by the poverty which makes men afraid to marry and sets little children at work, and crowds families into the rooms of tenement houses; which stints the nobler and brings out the baser qualities; and in full tide of the highest civilization the world has yet seen, robs life of poetry and glory of beauty and joy. Among the classes it finds its victims in those from whom the obligation to exertion has been artificially lifted; who are born to enjoy the results of labor without doing any labor, and in whom the lack of stimulus to healthy exertion causes moral obesity, and consumption without the need of productive work breeds satiety. Intemperance is abnormal. It is the vice of those who are starved and those who are gorged. Free trade in liquor would tend to reduce it, but could not abolish it. But free trade in everything would. I do not mean a sneaking, half-hearted, and half-witted "tariff reform," but that absolute, thorough free trade, which would not only abolish the custom house and the excise, but would do away with every tax on the products of labor and every restriction on the exertion of labor, and would leave everyone free to do whatever did not infringe the ten commandments.

A year before the "Wealth of Nations" was published, Thomas Spence, of Newcastle, in a lecture before the philosophical society of that place, thus pictured such a state of things:

"Then you may behold the rent which the people have paid into the parish treasuries, employed by each parish in paying the government its share of the sum which the parliament or national congress at any time grants; in maintaining and relieving its own poor and people out of work; in paying the necessary officers their salaries; in building, repairing, and adorning its houses,

bridges, and other structures; in making and maintaining convenient and delightful streets, highways, and passages, both for foot and carriages; in making and maintaining canals, and other conveniences for trade and navigation; in planting and taking in waste grounds; in providing and keeping up a magazine of ammunition, and all sorts of arms sufficient for all its inhabitants in case of danger from enemies; in premiums for the encouragement of agriculture, or anything else, thought worthy of encouragement; and, in a word, in doing whatever the people think proper; and not, as formerly, to support and spread luxury, pride, and all manner of vice.

There are no tools or taxes of any kind paid among them by native or foreigner but the aforesaid rent, which every person pays to parish, according to the quantity, quality, and conveniences of the land, housing, etc., which he occupies in it. The government, poor roads, etc., as said before, are all maintained by the parishes with the rent, on which account all wares, manufacturers, allowable trade employments or actions are entirely duty free. *Freedom to do anything whatever cannot there be bought; a thing is either entirely prohibited, as theft or murder, or entirely free to everyone without tax or price!*"

COMANCHE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

A BLAZING home, a blood-soaked hearth;
Fair woman's hair with blood upon!
That Ishmaelite of all the earth
Has like a cyclone, come and gone —
His feet are as the blighting dearth;
His hands are daggers drawn.

"To horse! to horse!" the rangers shout,
And red revenge is on his track!
The black-haired Bedouin in route
Looks like a long, bent line of black.
He does not halt nor turn about;
He scorns to once look back.

But on! right on that line of black,
Across the snow-white, sand-sown pass;
The bearded rangers on their track
Bear thirsty sabres bright as glass.
Yet not one red man there looks back;
His nerves are braided brass.

.
At last, at last, their mountain came
To clasp its children in their flight!
Up, up from out the sands of flame
They clambered, bleeding, to their height;
This savage summit, now so tame,
Their lone star, that dread night!

"Huzzah! Dismount!" the captain cried.
"Huzzah! the rovers cease to roam!
The river keeps yon farther side,
A roaring cataract of foam.
They die, they die for those who died
Last night by hearth and home!"

His men stood still beneath the steep ;
The high, still moon stood like a nun.
The horses stood as willows weep ;
Their weary heads drooped every one.
But no man there had thought of sleep ;
Each waited for the sun.

Vast nun-white moon ! Her silver rill
Of snow-white peace she ceaseless poured ;
The rock-built battlement grew still,
The deep-down river roared and roared.
But each man there with iron will
Leaned silent on his sword.

Hark ! See what light starts from the steep !
And hear, ah, hear that piercing sound.
It is their lorn death-song they keep
In solemn and majestic round.
The red fox of these deserts deep
At last is run to ground.

.
Oh, it was weird, — that wild, pent horde !
Their death-lights, their death-wails each one.
The river in sad chorus roared
And boomed like some great funeral gun.
The while each ranger nursed his sword
And waited for the sun.

Then sudden star tipped mountains topt
With flame beyond ! And watch-fires ran
To where white peaks high heaven propt ;
And star and light left scarce a span.
Why none could say where death-lights stopt
Or where red stars began !

And then the far, wild wails that came
In tremulous and pitying flight
From star-lit peak and peak of flame !
Wails that had lost their way that night
And knocked at each heart's door to claim
Protection in their flight.

O, chu-lu-le! O, chu-lu-lo!
A thousand red hands reached in air.
O, che-lu-lo! O, che-lu-le!
When midnight housed in midnight hair,
O, che-lu-le! O, che-lu-lo!
Their one last wailing prayer.

And all night long, nude Rachels poured
Melodious pity one by one
From mountain top. The river roared
Sad requiem for his braves undone.
The while each ranger nursed his sword
And waited for the sun.

The Heights, Oakland, Cal.

MAMELONS.*

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

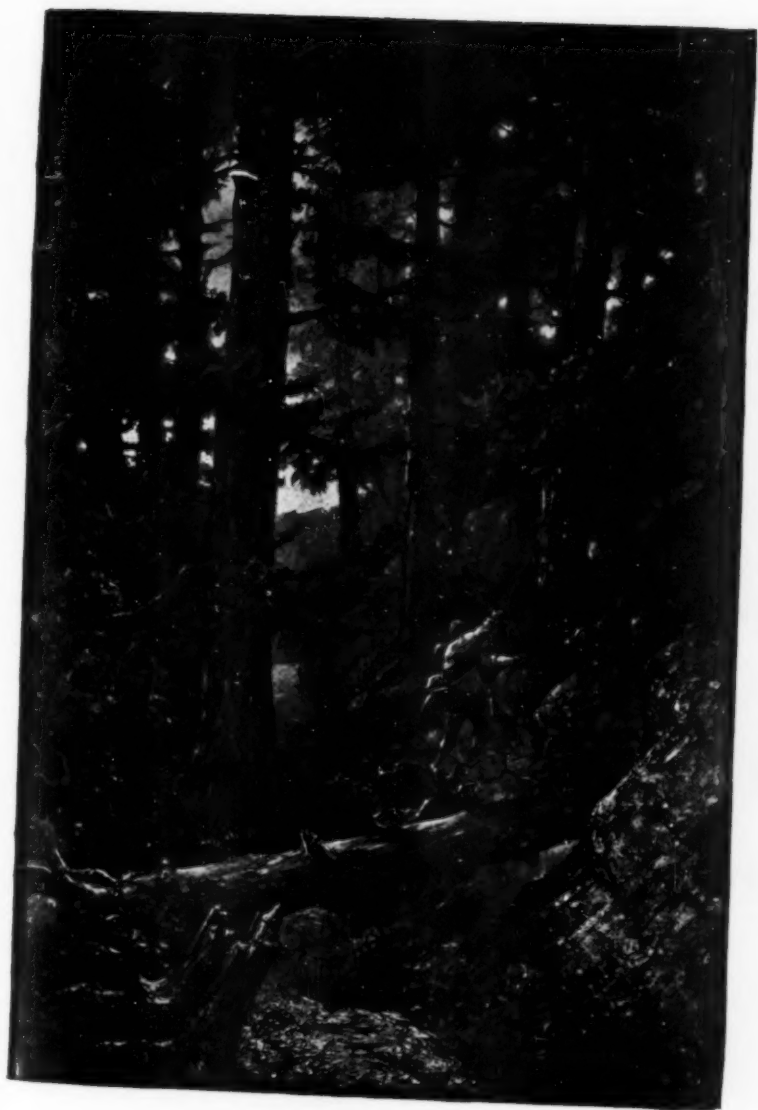
[A few years ago the author published a rough draft of this remarkable literary creation under the title "The Doom of the Mamelons" more to test public opinion than aught else; for while these legends of the north haunted his brain they called for poetic expression, and he seriously questioned whether in an age of unnatural excitement, when light and feverish literature was the reigning craze of the hour, the public would appreciate prose poems even though they dealt with the traditions of our own continent and were so intimately associated with a fast disappearing race. The cordial reception of this imperfect work by those lovers of literary worth who were fortunate enough to enjoy "The Doom of the Mamelons" was as great a surprise to the author as it was a source of regret that he had allowed the work to go forth without careful revision and abounding with defects which he felt in justice to himself as well as the reading public should be remedied. He therefore called in his plates and set to work making a careful revision, enlarging the text and adding explanatory notes as from time to time the subject seemed to demand, until at length he completed the present revised and corrected copy. This marvellously beautiful prose poem is unique in literature and surpassed only by its companion idyl, *Ungava*, which will follow *Mamelons*, appearing in our March and April issues, the two making a most valuable contribution to the permanent literature of America. — ED. OF ARENA.]

ARGUMENT.

THE development of the story turns upon the working of an old Indian prophecy or tradition, which had been in the Lenni-Lenape tribe, to the effect, that when an intermarriage between a princess of their tribe and a white man should occur, it would bring ruin to the tribe, and cause it to become extinct at Mamelons. For it was at the mouth of the Saguenay, as they held, that the whites first landed on this western continent. This intermarriage, or "cross of red with white," had occurred, and the time had nearly come when the last of the race should in accordance with the old prophecy, die at Mamelons.

The persons introduced into this tale are John Norton the Trapper, who is comrade and bosom friend of the chief of the Lenni-Lenape; the chief himself, who is dying from an old

* Mamelons. The Indians' name for the mouth of the Saguenay, and signifies the Place of the Great Mounds.



THE BLAZED TRAIL.

wound received in a fight at Mamelons, and has sent a runner to summon the Trapper to his bedside, to receive his dying message; a very beautiful woman of that most peculiar and ancient of all known peoples, the Basques of Southern Spain, the last of their queenly line, who has been married in France by the chief's brother, and to whom a daughter has been born, Atla, the beautiful heroine of the story. And, in addition to these, is an old chief of the famous Mistassinni tribe, who had had his tongue cut out at the torture stake by the Esquimaux, from whose fury he had been rescued by a party of warriors, headed by the Trapper.

At Mamelons in a great fight, fought in the darkness and terror of an earthquake commotion, the chief of the Lenni-Lenape had, unknowingly, slain his brother, who, returning from France with his young Basque wife, had been wrecked on the coast of Labrador, and, out of gratitude to the Esquimaux, who had treated him kindly, he joined their ranks as they marched up to Mamelons to the great battle. Thus, fighting as foes, unknown to each other, in the darkness that enveloped the field, he was killed by his brother, having seriously wounded him in return.

The Basque princess, thus widowed by the untimely death of her young husband, gave birth to Atla, who was thus born an orphan, and under doom herself. Her mother, soon after the birth of Atla, was rescued from death by the Trapper, and loved him with all the ardor of her fervent nature. His affections she strove and hoped to win, and would, perhaps, have succeeded, had not death claimed her. Dying, she left her love and hopes as an heritage to her daughter, and charged her, with solemn tenderness, to win the Trapper's affection, and, married to him, become the mother of a mighty race, in whose blood the beauty and strength of the two oldest and handsomest races of the earth should be happily mingled.

The chief, knowing of her wish, and the instructions left to Atla by her departed mother, summons the Trapper to his death-bed, to tell him the origin of the doom, and the possibility or surety of its being avoided by his loving and marrying Atla. For, by the conditions of the old curse it was proclaimed when spoken, that the "doom shall not hold in case of son born in the female line from sire without a cross," viz. — from a pure-blooded white man. The Trapper in his

humility feels himself to be unworthy of so splendid an alliance, and resists the natural promptings of his heart.

But at last the beautiful Atla wins him to a full confession; and at her urgent request, against the trapper's wish, they start for Mamelons to be married, where, before the rite is concluded, she dies, so fulfilling the old prediction of her father's tribe.

In the Basque princess, the mother of Atla, the author has striven to portray an utterly unconventional woman, natural, barbaric, original; splendid in her beauty, and glorious in her passions, such as actually lived in the world in the far past, when women were — it must be confessed — totally unlike the prevalent type of to-day. In her child, Atla, the same type of natural womanhood is preserved, but slightly sobered in tone and shade of expression. But as studies of the beautiful and the unconventional in womanhood, both are unique and delightful.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAIL.

It was a long and lonely trail, the southern end of which John Norton struck in answer to the summons which a tired runner brought him from the north. The man had made brave running, for when he reached the Trapper's cabin and had placed the birch-bark packet in his hands, he staggered to a pile of skins and dropped heavily on them, like a hound which, from a three-days' chase, trails weakly to the hunter's door, spent nigh to death. So came the runner, running from the north, and so, spent with his mighty race, dropped as one dead upon the pile of skins.

He bore the death-call of a friend, whose friendship had been tested on many an ambushed trail and the sharp edge of dubious battle. The call was writ on bark of birch, thin as the thinnest silk the ancients wove from gossamer in the old days when weaving was an art and mystery, and not a sordid trade to earn a pittance with, traced in delicate letters by a hand the Trapper would have died for. A good five hundred miles that trail ran northward before it ended at the couch of skins, in the great room of the great house, in which the chief lay dying. And when the Trapper struck it he struck it as an eagle strikes homeward toward the cradle crag of his younglings, when talons are heavy and daylight scant.

He drew his line by the star that never sets, and little turning did he make for rivers, rapids, or tangled swamp; for mountain slope or briery windfall. He drew a trail no man had ever trod — a blazeless* trail, unmarked by stroke of axe or cut of knife, by broken twig or sharpened rod, struck into mold or moss, and by its angle† telling whence came the trailer, whither went he, and how fast. From earliest dawn till night thickened the woods and massed the trees into a solid blackness, he hurried on, straight as a pigeon flies when homing, studying no sign for guidance, leaving none to tell that he had come and gone. He was at middle prime of life, tough and pliant as an ashen bough grown on hill, seasoned in hall, sweated and strung by constant exercise for highest action, and now each muscle and sinew of his superb and superbly conditioned frame was taut with tension of a strong desire — to reach the bedside of the dying chief before he died. For the message read: "Come to me quick, for I am alone with the terror of death. The chief is dying. At the pillar of white rock, on the lake, a canoe, with oars and paddle, will be waiting."

The Trapper was clad in buckskin from cap to moccasins. His tunic, belted tight and fringeless, was opened widely at the throat for freest breathing. A pack, small, but rounded with strained fullness, was at his back. His horn and pouch were knotted to his side. In tightened belt was knife, and, trailing muzzle down and held reversed, a double rifle. Stripped was the man for speed, as when balanced on the issue of the race hang life and death. As some great ship, caught by some sudden gale off Anticosti or Dead Man's Reef, and bare of sail, stripped to her spars, past battures hollow and hoarse-voiced as death and ghastly white, and through the damned eddies that would suck her down and crush her with stones which grind forever and never see the light, sharpening their cuttings with their horrid grists, runs

* In order to mark the direction of his course in trailing through the woods the trailer slashes with his axe or knife the bark of the trees he passes, by which signs he is able to retrace his course safely, or follow the same trail easily some future time. A blazed trail is one thus plainly marked. A blazeless trail is one on which the trailer has no marks or "blazes" to run by, but draws his line by other and occult signs, which tell him in what direction he is going and which are known only by those initiated in the mysteries of woodcraft.

† Certain tribes of Indians north of the St. Lawrence left accurate record of their rate of progress, and how far they had come, by the length and angle of the slanted sticks they drove here and there into the ground as they sped on. The Nasquapees were best known as practising this habit.

scudding; so ran the strong man northward, urged by a fear stronger than that of wreck on the ghost-peopled shore of deadly St. Lawrence. A hound, huge of size, bred to a hair, ambled steadily on at heel. And though he crossed many a hot scent, and more than once his hurrying master started a buck warm from his nest, and nose was busy with knowledge of game afoot, he gave no whimper nor swerved aside, but, silent, followed on in the swift way his master was so hurriedly making, as if he, too, felt the solemn need which urged the trail northward. Never before had runner faced a longer or a harder trail, or under high command or deadly peril pushed it so fiercely forward.

Seven days the trail ran thus, and still the man, tireless of foot, hurried on, and the hound followed silently at heel. What a body was his! How its powers responded to the soul's summons! For on this seventh day of highest effort, taxing with heavy strain each muscle, bone, and joint to the utmost, days lengthened from earliest dawn to deepest gloaming, the strong man's face was fresh, his eye was bright, and he swung steadily onward, with long, swinging, easy-motioed gait, as if the prolonged and terrible effort he was making was but a morning's burst of speed for healthy exercise.

The climate favored him. October, with all its glorious colors, was on the woods, and the warm body of the air was charged through and through with cool atmospheric movements from the north. It was an air to race for one's life in. Soft to the lungs, but filled to its blue edge with oxygen and that mystic element men call ozone; the overflow of God's vitality spilled over the azure brim of heaven, whose volatile flavor fills the nose of him who breathes the air of mountains. Favored thus by rare conditions, the best that nature gives the trailer, the strong man raced onward through the ripe woods like an old-time runner running for the laurel crown and the applause of Greece.

It was nigh sunset of the seventh day, and the Trapper halted beside a spring, which bubbled coldly up from a cleft rock at the base of a cliff. He cast aside his hunting shirt, baring his body to the waist, and bathed himself in the cool water. He knelt to its mossy rim and sank his head slowly down into the refreshing depths, and held it there, that he might feel the delicious coolness run thrilling through his

heated body. He cast his moccasins aside and bathed his feet, sore and hot from monstrous effort, sinking them knee deep in the cold flowage of the blessed spring. Then, refreshed, he stood upon the velvet bank, his mighty chest and back pink as a lady's palm, his strong feet glowing, his face aflush through its deep tan, while the wind dried him, and the golden leaves of the overhanging maples fell round him in showers.

Refreshed and strengthened, he re-clothed himself, re-laced his moccasins and tightened belt, but before he broke away he drew the sheet of birch-bark from his breast and read again the lines traced delicately thereon.

"Yes, I read aright," he muttered to himself; "the writing on the birch is plain as ivy on the oak, and it says: 'Come to me quick, for I am alone with the terror of death. The chief lies dying. At the pillar of white rock, on the lake, a canoe, with oars and paddle, will be waiting.'" And the Trapper thrust the writing back to its place above his heart and burst away down the decline that led to the lake at a run.

"I've bent the trail like a fool," he muttered, as he reached the bottom of the dip, "or the lake lies hereaway," and even as he spoke the waters of a lake, red with the red flame of the setting sun, gleamed like a field of fire through the maple-trees. The Trapper dashed a hand into the air with a gesture of delight, and burst away again at a lope through the russet bushes and golden leaves that lay like plucked plumage, ankle deep, upon the ground toward the lake, burning redly through the trees not fifty rods beyond. A moment brought him to the shore, bordered thick with cedar growths, and, breaking through the fragrant branches with a leap, he landed on a beach of silver sand, and, lo! to the left not a dozen rods away, washed by the red waves, stood the signal rock, fifty feet in height, and from water line to summit white as drifted snow.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the Trapper, and he lifted his cap reverently. "God be praised that I reckoned the course aright and ran the trail straight from end to end. For the woods be wide and long, and to have missed this lake would have been a sorry hap when one like her is alone with the dying. But where is the canoe that she said should be here, for sixty miles of water cannot be jumped like a brook

or forded like a rapid, and the island lies nigh the western shore, and who may reach it afoot?" And he ran his eyes along the sand for signs to tell if boat or human foot had pressed it.

He searched the beach a mile around the bay, but not a sign of human presence could be found. Then nigh the signal rock he sat upon the sand, unloosed his pack, and from it took crust and meat, of which he ate; then fed the hound, sharing the scant supper with him equally. "It is the last morsel, Rover," said the Trapper to the dog as he fed him. "It is the last morsel in the pack, and you and I will breakfast lightly unless luck comes." The dog surely understood the master's saying, for he rolled his hungry eyes toward the pack as if he bitterly sensed the bitter prophecy; then—canine philosopher as he was—he curled himself amid some dried leaves contentedly, as if by extra sleep he would make good the lack of food.

"Thou art wiser than men!" exclaimed the Trapper, looking reflectively at his canine companion, now snoring in his warm russet bed. "Thou art wiser, my dog, than men, for they waste breath and time in bewailing their hard fortunes, but you make good the loss that pinches thee by holding fast and quickly to the nearest gain." And he gazed upon the sleeping hound with reflecting and admiring eyes.

Then slowly behind the western hills sank the red sun. The fervor faded from the water and the lake darkened. The winds died with the day. Gradually the farther shore retired from sight, and the distinguishing hills became blankly black. The upper air held on to the retreating light awhile, but finally surrendered the last trace, and night held all the world.

Amid the gathering gloom upon the beach the Trapper sat in counsel with his thoughts. At length he rose, and with dry driftage within reach kindled a fire. By the light of it he cut some branches of nigh cedars, and with them made a bed upon the sand, then cast himself upon his fragrant couch. Twice he rose and listened. Twice renewed the fire with larger sticks. At last, tired nature failed the will. The toil of the long trail fell heavily on him. Slumber captured his senses and he slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion. But before he slept he muttered to himself:—

"She said a canoe, with oars and paddle, should be here, and the canoe will come."

The hours passed on. The Dipper turned its circle in the northern sky, and stars rose and set. The warm shores felt the coolness of the night, and from the water's edge a soft mist flowed and floated in thin layers along the cooling sands. The logs of seasoned wood glowed with a steady warmth in the calm air. The fog turned yellow as it drifted above the burning brands, so that a halo crowned the ruddy heat. The night was at its middle watch, when the hound rose to his feet and questioned the lake with lifted nose, but his mouth gave no signal. If one was coming, it was the coming of a friend. Ten minutes passed, then he whined softly, and, walking to the water's edge, waited expectant; not long, for in a moment a canoe, moving silently, as if wind-blown, came floating toward the beach, and lodged upon it noiselessly, as bird on bough. And a girl, paddle in hand, stepped to his side, and, stooping, caressed his head, then moved toward the fire and stood above the sleeping man.

She gently stirred the brands until they flamed, and in the light thus made studied the strong face, bronzed with the tan of the woods, the face of one who never failed friend nor fought foe in vain, and who had come so far and swiftly in answer to her call. She was of that old race who lived in the morning of the world, when giants walked the earth* and the sons of God married the daughters of men.† And the old blood's love of strength was in her. She noted the power and symmetry of his mighty frame, which lay relaxed from tension in the graceful attitude of sleep; the massive chest, broad as two common men's, which rose and fell to his deep breathing; the great, strongly corded neck, rooted to the vast trunk as some huge oak grown on a rounded hill. She noted, too, the large and shapely head, the thick, black hair, closely cropped, and the sleeper's face—where might woman find another like it?—lean of flesh, large featured, plain, but stamped with the seal of honesty, chiseled clean of surplus by noble abstinence, and bearing on its front the look of pride, of power and courage to face foe or fate. Thus the girl sat and watched him as he slept, stirring the brands softly that she might not lose sight of a face which was to her the face of a god—such god as the proudest

* "There were giants in the earth in those days."—GEN. vi. 4.

† "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."—GEN. vi. 2.

woman of her race, in the old time might, with art or goodness, have won and wedded.

Dawn came at last. The blue above turned gray. The stars shortened their pointed fires and faded. The east kindled and flamed. Heat flowed westward like an essential oil hidden in the pores and channels of the air; while light, brightly clean and clear, ran round the horizons, revealing its own and the loveliness of the world.

Then woke the birds. Morning found a voice sweet as her face. A hermit thrush sent her soft, pure call from the damp depths of the dripping woods. A woodpecker signalled breakfast with his hammer so sturdily that all the elfin echoes of the hills merrily mimicked him. An eagle, hunting through the sky, at the height of a mile, dropped like a plummet into the lake, and, struggling upward from his perilous plunge, heavily weighted, lined his slow flight straight toward his distant crag. The girl rose to her feet, and, leaning on her paddle, for a moment gazed long and tenderly at the sleeper's face, then softly breathed, "John Norton!"

The call, low as it was, broke through the leaden gates of slumber with the suddenness and effect of a great surprise. Quick as a flash he came to his feet, and, for a moment, stood dazed, bewildered, his bodily powers breaking out of sleep quicker than his senses, and he saw the girl as visitant in vision. He stepped to the water's edge and bathed his face, and turning, freshened and fully awake, saw with glad and apprehensive eyes, who stood before him, and tenderly said:—

"Is the daughter of the old race well?"

"Well, well, I am, John Norton," answered the girl, and her voice was low and softly musical, as water falling into water. "I am well, friend of my mother and my friend. And the chief still lives and will live till you come, for so he bade me tell you." And she reached her small hand out to him. He took it in his own, and held it as one holds the hand of child, and answered:—

"I am glad. Thou comest like a bird in the night, silently. Why did you not awake me when you came?"

"Why should I wake thee, John Norton?" returned the girl. "I am a day ahead of that the chief set for your coming. For our runner—the swiftest in the woods from Mistassinni to Labrador—said: 'Twelve suns must rise and set

before my words could reach thee,' and the chief declared: 'No living man, not even you, could fetch the trail short of ten days.' He timed me to this rock himself, and told me when I would come nor wait another hour, that I would wait by the white rock two days before I saw your face. But I would come, for a voice within me said — a voice which runs vocal in our blood, and has so run through all my race since the beginning of the world — this voice within kept saying: '*Go, for thou shalt find him there!*' And so I, hurrying, came. But tell me how many days were you upon the trail?"

"I fetched the trail in seven days from sun to sun," answered the Trapper, modestly.

"Seven days!" exclaimed the girl, while the light of a great surprise and admiration shone in her eyes. "Seven days! Thou hast the deer's foot and the cougar's strength, John Norton. No wonder that the war chiefs love you."

And then after a moment's pause: —

"But why didst thou push the trail so fiercely?"

"I read your summons and I came," replied the Trapper, sententiously.

The girl started at the hearing of the words, which told her so simply of her power over the man in front of her. Her nostrils dilated, and through the glorious swarth of her cheek there came a flush of deeper red. The gloom of her eyes moistened like glass to the breath. Her ripe lips parted as to the passing of a gasp, and the full form lifted as if the spirit of passion within would fling the beautiful frame it filled upon the strong man's bosom. Thus a moment the sweet whirlwind seized and shook her, then passed. Her eyes drooped modestly, and with a sweet humbleness, as one who has received from heaven beyond her hope or merit, she simply said: —

"I have brought you food, John Norton. Come and eat."

The food was of the woods. Bread coarse and brown, but sweet with the full cereal sweetness; corn, parched in the fire, which eaten, lingered long as a rich flavor in the mouth; venison, roasted for a hunter's hunger, within whose crisp surface the life of the deer still showed redly; water from the lake, drunk from a cup shaped from the inner bark of the golden birch, whose hollow curvature still burned with warm chrome colors. So, on the cool lake shore, in the red light of early morn, they broke their fast.

The Trapper ate as a strong man eats after long toil and scant feeding, not grossly, but with a heartiness good to see. The girl ate little, and that absently, as if the atoms in her mouth were foreign to her senses and no taste followed eating.

"You do not eat," said the Trapper. "The sun will darken on the lower hills before we come to food again. Are you not hungry?"

"Last night I was a-hungred," answered the girl musingly. "But now I hunger no more," and her face was as the face of a Madonna holding her child, full of a plentiful and sweet content.

"I do not understand you," returned the Trapper, after a moment's silence. "Your words be plain, but their sense is hidden. Why are you not hungry?"

"You read me once out of your sacred books, John Norton, that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth," responded the girl. "I knew not then the meaning of the words, for I was a girl, and had no understanding, and the words were old, older than your books, and therefore deeply wise, and I, being young, did not know. But I know now." And here the girl paused a moment, hesitated as a young bird to leave the sure bough for the first time, then, rallying courage for the deed, gazed with her large eyes lovingly into his, and timidly explained:—

"I am not hungry, John Norton, for God has fed me!"

To the tanned face of the Trapper there rushed a glow like the flush to the face of a girl. The light of a happy astonishment leaped from his eyes, and his breath came strongly. Then light and color faded, and as one vexed and heartily ashamed of his vanity, while the lines of his face tightened, he made harsh answer:—

"Talk no more in riddles, lest I be a fool and read the riddle awry. Nor jest again on matters grave as life, lest I, who am but mortal man and slow withal, forget wisdom and take thy girlish playfulness for earnest talk. Nay, nay," he added, earnestly, as she rose to her feet with an exclamation of passionate pain, "say not another word, you have done no ill. You be young and fanciful, and I—I be a fool! Come, let us go. The pull is long, and we shall need the full day's light to reach the island ere night falls." And,

placing his rifle in the canoe, he signalled to the hound and seated himself at the oars. The girl obeyed his word, stepped to her place and pushed the light boat from the sands on which so much had been received and so much missed. Perhaps her woman's heart foretold that love like hers would get, even as it gave, all at last.

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The house was large and lofty, builded of logs squared smoothly and mortared neatly between the edges. In the thick walls were deep embrasures, that light through the great windows might be more abundant. The builders loved the sun and made wide pathways for its entrance everywhere. The casements, fashioned to receive storm shutters, were proof against winter's wind and lead alike. In the steep roof were dormer windows, glassed with panes, tightly soldered to the sash. At either end of the great house a huge chimney rose, whose solid masonry of stone stood boldly out from the hewn logs, framed closely against its mortared sides. A wide veranda ran the entire length of the southern side. A balustrade of cedar logs, each hewn until it showed its red and fragrant heart, ran completely round it. Above posts of the same sweetly odored wood—whose fragrance, with its substance, lasts forever—was lattice work of poles stripped of their birchen bark, and snowy white, on which a huge vine ran its brown tracery, enriched with bunches, heavily pendent, of blue-black grapes—that pungent growth of northern woods, whose odors make the winding rivers sweet as heaven. In front, a natural lawn sloped to the yellow sands, on which the waves fell with soft sound.

Eastward, a widely acred field showed careful husbandry. Garnet and yellow colored pods hung gracefully from the brown poles. The ripened corn showed golden through the parted husks, and beds of red and yellow beets patched the dark soil with their high colors. The solar flower turned its broad disk toward the wheeling sun, while dahlias, marigold, and hardy annuals, with their bright colors, warmed, like a floral camp-fire, the stretch of gray stubble and pale barren beyond. It was a lovely and a lonely spot, graced by a lordly home, such as the wealthy worthies builded here and there in the great wilderness for comfort and for safety in

the old savage days when feudal lords* made good their claim to forest seigniories with sword and musket, and every house was home and castle,

The canoe ran lightly shoreward. The beach received its pressure as a mother's bosom receives the child running from afar to its reception — yieldingly; and on the welcoming sand the light bark rested. The Trapper stepped ashore and reached his 'hand' back to the girl. Her velvet palm touched his, rough and strong, as thistle-down, wind blown, the oak tree's bark, then nestled and stayed. Thus the two stood hand in hand, gazing up the sloping lawn at the great house, the broad, bright field and the circling forest, glowing with autumnal colors, which made the glorious background. The green lawn, the great gray house, and the vast woods belting it around, brightly beautiful, made such a landscape picture as Titian would have reveled in. It stood, this mansion of the woods, this wilderness castle, in glorious loneliness, a part and centre of a splendid solitude, beyond the coming and going of men, beyond their wars and peace, the creation and embodiment of a mystery deep as the woods around it; a strange, astounding spectacle to one who did not know the history of the forest.

"It is a noble place," exclaimed the Trapper, as he gazed up the wide lawn at the great house, and swept with admiring glance the glorious circle of the woods which curved their belt of splendor round it; "it is a noble place, and if mortal man might find content on earth, he might find it here."

"Could you, John Norton, living here, be content?" inquired the girl, and she lifted the splendor of her eyes to his strong, honest face.

"Content," returned the Trapper innocently, "why, what more could mortal crave than is here to his hand? A field to give him bread, a noble house to live in, the waters full of fish, the woods of game, the sugar of the maple for his sweetening, honey for his feasts, and not a trap within two hundred miles. What more could mortal man, of good judgment, crave?"

* If the reader will recall that old Canada, viz., the Province of Quebec, was wholly French in origin, and that its organization rested on the feudal basis, the whole territory occupied being divided not into towns and counties, but into seigniories.

"Is there nothing else, John Norton?" asked the girl.

"Aye, aye," returned the Trapper, "one thing. I did forget the dog. A hunter should have his hound."

A shade of pain, perhaps vexation, came to her face as she heard the Trapper's answer. She withdrew her hand from his, and said: "Food, fur, and a house are not enough, John Norton. A dog is good for camp and trail. Solitude is sweet, and the absence of wicked men a boon. But these do not make home nor heaven, both of which we crave, and both of which are possible on earth, for the conditions are possible. The chief has found this spot a dreary place since mother died."

"Your mother was an angel," answered the Trapper, "and your words are those of wisdom. I have thought at times of the things you hint at, and, as a boy, I had vain dreams, for nature is nature. But I have my ideas of woman and I love perfect things. And I—I am but a hunter, an unlearned man, without education, or house, or land, or gold, and I am not fit for any woman that is fit for me!"

The change that came to the girl's face at the Trapper's words—for he had spoken gravely, and through the honesty of his speech she looked and saw the greatness and humility of his nature—was one to be to him who saw it a memory forever. The shadow left it and its dusky splendor was lighted with the glow of a blessed assurance. This man would love her! This man with the eagle's eye, the deer's foot, the cougar's strength, the honest heart, would love her! This man her mother revered, her uncle loved, who twice had saved her life at the risk of his, whose skill and courage were the talk of a thousand camps, whose simple word in pledge held faster than other's oaths—this man into whose very bosom her soul had looked as into a clean place—this man would love her! If heaven be what good men say, and all its bliss had been pledged to her when she lay dying, her body would not have thrilled with a warmer glow than rushed its sweet heat through her veins at that instant of blessed conviction. Wait! She could wait for years, but she would win him—win him to herself; win him from his blindness, which did him honor, to that dazzling light in whose glory man stands but once; but, standing so, sees, with a glad bewilderment, that the woman he dares not love, because she is so infinitely better than he, loves him! Yes,

she would win him—win him with such sweet art, such patient approaches, such seductiveness of innocent passion, slowly and deliciously disclosed, that he should never know of his temerity until, thus drawn to her, she held him in her arms irrevocably, in bonds that only cold and hateful death could part. Through all her leaping blood this blessed hope, this sure, sweet knowledge flowed like spiced wine. This man, this man she worshipped, he would love her! It was enough. Her cup ran full to the brim and overflowed. She simply took the Trapper's hand again, and said:—

"We will go to the chamber of the chief. His eyes will brighten when he sees thy face."

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGHT AT MAMELONS.*

"It was a dreadful fight, John Norton. We went into it a thousand warriors on a side, and in either army were twenty chiefs of fame. We fought the fight at Mamelons, where, at sunset, we met the Esquimaux,† coming up as we were going down. The Montagnais headed the war. The Mountaineers,‡ whose fathers' wigwams stood at Mamelons, had fought the Esquimaux a thousand years, and both had wrongs to right. My father died that summer, and I, fresh from the fields of France, headed my tribe. You know how small it was, the last remnant of the old Lenape root, but every man a warrior. I knew not the right or wrong of it, nor did I care. I only knew our tribe was pledged to the Nasquapees§ of frozen Ungava, and they were allies of the Mountaineers,

*This old battle-ground is located on the high terraces which define the several sand mounds now standing back of Tadousac.

†The Esquimaux were numerous and very warlike, and at one time had pushed their conquests clean up to the Saguenay.

‡The Montagnais Indians held the country, from Quebec down to the Esquimaux, near Seven Islands, and called themselves "Mountaineers."

§The Nasquapees are one of the most remarkable families of Indians on the continent, and of whom but little is known. Their country extends from Lake Mistassinni eastward to Labrador, and from Ungava Bay to the coast mountains of the St. Lawrence. They are small in size, fine featured, with mild, dark eyes, and extremely small hands and feet. The name Nasquapees—Nasquipes—means "a people who stand straight." They have no Medicine man or Prophet, and hence are called by other tribes atheists. Their sense of smell is so acute that it rivals the dog's. "Spirit rappings," and other strange manifestations peculiar to us moderns, have been practised immemorially among them, and carried to such a shade of success that one of our Boston seances would be a laughable and bungling affair to them. Their language is like the Western Crees, and their traditions point to a remote eastern origin.

and hence the fight held us to its edge. That night we slept under truce, but when the sun came up went at it. I see that morning now. The sun from out the eastern sea rose red as blood. The Nasquapees, who lived as atheists without a Medicine man, cared not for this, but the prophet of the Mountaineers painted his face and body black as night, tore his blanket into shreds, and lay in the sand as one dead. The Nasquapees laughed, but we of the mountains knew by that dread sign that our faces looked toward our last battle. We made it a brave doom. We fought till noon upon the shifting sands, nor gained an inch, nor did our foes, when suddenly the sun was clouded and a great wind arose that drove the sand so thickly that it hid the battle. The firing and the shouting ceased along the terrace where we fought, and a great, dread silence fell on the mighty mounds, save when the fierce gusts smote them. Thus, living and dead, friend and foe, we lay together, our faces plunged into the coarse gravel, our hands clutching the rounded stones, that we might breathe and stay until the wind might pass. And such a wind was never blown on man before, for it was hot and came straight down from heaven, so that our backs winced as we lay flattened. Thus, mixed and mingled, we clung to the hot stones, while some crept in beneath the dead for shelter. So both wars clung to the ground for an hour's space. Then, suddenly the sun rushed out, and shaking sand from eyes and hair, and spitting it from our mouths, at it we went again. It was an awful fight, John Norton, and more than once, in the mad midst of it, smoke-blinded and sand-choked, I thought of you, and that I heard your rifle crack."

"I would to God I had been there!" exclaimed the Trapper, and he dashed his huge hand into the air, as if cheering a line of battle on, while his eyes blazed and his face whitened.

"I would to God you had been!" returned the chief. "For whether one lived through it, or died in it, we made it great by great fighting. For we fought it to the end in spite of interruptions."

"Interruptions!" exclaimed the Trapper, "I do not understand ye, chief. What but death could interrupt a fight like that?"

"Listen, Trapper, listen," rejoined the chief, excitedly. "Listen, that you may understand what stopped the fight,

for never since man was born was fought such fight as we there fought, high up above the sea, that day at Mamelons. I told you it was an old feud between the Mountaineers and Esquimaux, a feud that had held its heat hot for a thousand years, and we, a thousand on each side, one for each year, fought on the sand, while above, below, and around, the dead of a thousand years, slain in the feud, fought too."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Trapper. "Chief, it cannot be. The dead fight not, but live in peace forever, praise be to God," and he bowed his head reverently.

"That is your faith, not mine, John Norton, for I hold to an older faith — that men by a knife's thrust are not changed, but go, with all their passions with them, to the Spirit-Land, and there build upward on the old foundation. And so, I say again, that the dead of a thousand years fought in the air above and around us on that day at Mamelons. For in the pauses of the wind, we who fought on either side heard shrieks, and shouts, and trappings as of ten thousand feet, and over us were roarings, and bellowings, and hollow noises, dreadful to hear, and through all the battle went the word that '*the old dead were fighting, too!*' and that made us wild. Both sides went mad. The dying cheered the living, and the living cheered the dead. So went the battle — the fathers and the sons, the dead and living, hard at it. The waters of the Saguenay, a thousand feet below, were beaten into foam by the rush of fighting feet, and the roaring of a great battle filled its mouth. Its dark tide whitened with strange death-froth from shore to shore, while ever and anon its surface shivered and shook. And under us on the high crest, cloud-wrapped, the earth trembled as we fought, so that more than once as we stood clinched, we two, the foe and I, still gripped for death, would pause until the ground grew steady, for its tremblings made us dizzy, then clinch the fiercer, mad with a great madness at being stopped in such death-grapple. Under us all the long afternoon the great mounds rose and sank like waves that have no base to stand upon. The clouds snowed ashes. Mud fell in showers. The air we breathed stank with brimstone and burnt bones. And still it thickened, and still both sides, now but a scattered few, fought on, until at last, with a crash, as if the world had split apart, darkness, deep as death, fell suddenly, so that eyes were vain, and we who were not dead, unable to

find foe, stood still. And thus the battle ended, even drawn, because God stopped the fight at Mamelons.*

"At last the morning dawned at Mamelons, and never since those ancient beaches† saw the world's first morning, had the round sun looked down on such a scene. The great terraces on which we fought were ankle deep with ashes mixed with mud, and cinders black and hard, like burnt iron, and all the sand was soaked with blood. The dead were heaped. They lay like drifted wreckage on a beach, where the eddying surges of the battle tossed them in piles and tangled heaps like jammed timber. For in the darkness, we had fought by sound, and not by sight, and where the battle roared loudest, thither had we rushed, using axe and knife and the short seal spears of the damned Esquimaux. And all the later battle was fought breast to breast, for ere half were dead, powder and lead gave out, and the fray was hand to hand, until, by the sickening darkness, God stopped it.

"I searched the dreadful field from end to end to find my own, and found them. With blackened hands, clouted with blood, I drew them together. Forty in all, I stretched them, side by side, and the savage pride of the old blood in me burst from my mouth in a shrill yell, when I saw that twenty swarthy bosoms showed the knife's thrust deep and wide. They died like warriors, Trapper, true to the old Lenape blood, whose Tortoise‡ steadfastness upheld the world. I

*The Saguenay is undoubtedly of earthquake origin. The north shore of the St. Lawrence from Cape Tourmente to Point du Monts, is one of the earthquake centres of the world. In 1663 a frightful series of convulsions occurred, lasting for more than four months; and, it is said, that not a year passes that motions are not felt in the earth. The old maelstrom at Bal St. Paul was caused by subterranean force, and by subsequent shocks deprived of its terrible power. The mouth of the Saguenay was one of the great rendezvous of the Indian races long before Jacques Cartier came, and the great mounds above Tadousac have been the scene of many great Indian battles; but I would not make affidavit that an earthquake ever did actually take place while one was being fought, although there may have been, and certainly, from an artistic point of view, there should have been, such a poetic conjunction.

†These Mamelons, or great sand mounds, are believed to be the old geologic beaches of earliest times. They rise in tiers, or great terraces, one above the other, to a great height, the uppermost one being a thousand feet or more above the Saguenay, and represent, as they run down from terrace to terrace, the shrinking of the "face of the deep" in the creative period, by the shrinking of which the solid earth rose in sight.

‡The Lenni-Lenape had, at the coming of the whites, their territory on the Delaware, but their traditions point to long journeyings from the east over wide waters and cold countries. Their language, strange to say, has in its words identical with the old Basque tongue, and establishes some community of origin or history in the remote ages. The Lenni-Lenape had as their Totem, or sacred sign of origin and blood, a Tortoise with a globe on its

made a mound above their bodies, and heaped it high with rounded stones which crowned the uppermost beach, and made wail above friends and kindred fallen in strange feud. And there they sleep, on that high verge, where the unwritten knowledge of my fathers, told from age to age, declare the waters of the earliest morning first found shore."

"Never did I hear a tale like this," exclaimed the Trapper. "Strange stories of this fight I heard in the far north, chanted in darkness at midnight, with wild wailing of the tribes; but I held it as the trick of sorcerers to frighten with. Go on and tell me all. Chief, what next befell thee?"

"John Norton, thou hast come half a thousand miles to hear a tale of death told by a dying man. Listen, and remember all I say, for at the close it touches close on thee. A fate whose meshes woven when our blood was crossed has tangled all that bore our name in ruin from the start, and with my going only one remains to suffer further."

Here the chief paused while one might count a score, then, looking steadily at the Trapper, said:—

"Last month, when the raven was on the moon,* my warning came. The old wound opened without cause, and, lying on this bed, I saw the hour of my death, and beyond, thee I saw, and beside thee the last and sweetest of our line, and the same doom was over her as has been to us all since the fatal cross—the doom which sends courage and beauty to a quick, sad death."

"I do not understand," replied the Trapper. "Tell me what befell thee further, step by step, and how I, a man without a cross,† can be connected with the old traditions of thy tribe and house?"

"Listen. In coming from the field, I saw, half-covered by the ashes, a body clothed in a foreign garb. It lay face downward where the dead were thickest, one arm outstretched, the hand of which, gloved to the wrist, still gripped a sword, red to its jewelled hilt. The head was foul with ash and sand, but I noted that the hair was black and

back, and boasted that they were the oldest of all races of men, tracing their descent through the ages to that day when the world was upheld by a Tortoise, or turtle, resting in the midst of the waters. As a tribe they were very brave, proud, and honorable.

*When the raven was on the moon. An Indian description of an eclipse.

†A man without a cross, *viz.*, a pure-blooded man. A white man without any Indian or foreign blood in his veins.

long, and worn like a warrior's of our ancient race. Then I remembered a habit of boyish days and pride. Trembling, I stooped, lifted the body upward and turned the dead face toward me. And there, there on that field of Mamelons, where it was said of old, before one of my blood had ever seen the salted shore, the last of our race should die, all foul with ash and sand and blood, brows knit with battle rage, teeth bared and tightly set, *I saw my brother's face!*"

"God in heaven?" exclaimed the Trapper. "How came he there, and who killed him?"

"John Norton, you know our cross, and that the best blood of the old world and the new, older than the old, is in our veins. My grandsire was the son of one who stood next to the throne of France, and all our line have studied in her polished schools since red and white blood mingled in our veins. There did we two, my brother and I, remain until my father called us home. I left him high in the court's favor. Thence, suddenly, without sending word, with a young wife and office of trust, he voyaged, hoping to give me glad surprise. A tempest drove his ship on Labrador; but he saved wife and gold. The Esquimaux proved friendly, and gave him help, and, reckless of consequence, as have been all our line since the French taint came to us, not knowing cause, he joined the wild horde, and came with them to fatal Mamelons and its dread fight.

"So chanced it, Trapper. I dropped the body from my arms, for a great sickness seized me and my head swam, and in the bloody tangle of dead bodies I sat limp and lifeless. Then in a frenzy, clutching madly at a straw of hope, I tore the waistcoat, corded with gold, from the stiff breast to find proof that would not lie. And there, there above his heart, with eyes bloodshot and bulging, I saw the emblem of our tribe—the Tortoise, with the round world on his back; and through the sacred Totem of our ancient lineage, which our father's hand had tattooed on his chest and mine; yea, through it and the white skin above his heart, there gaped a gash, swollen and red, which my own knife had made. For in the darkness of the fight, bearing up against an Esquimaux rush, ash-blinded, I found a foe who swore in French and had a sword. He and I fought grappling in the dark, when the earth hove beneath our feet and ashes rained upon us; and his sword ran me through even as I thrust my long knife into him.

"And thus at Mamelons, where sits the doom of our race awaiting us, in its dread fight, both fighting without cause, I slew my brother, and from his hand I got the wound from whose old poison I now die.

"Thus I stood among the dead at Mamelons, a chief without a tribe and my brother's murderer. I moved some bodies and scraped downward, that I might have clean sand to fall upon; then drew my knife to let life out, and thus meet bravely the old doom foretold for me and mine as awaiting us since man was born on the shore of that first world. But even as I bent to the knife's point, a voice called me and I turned.

"It was an Esquimau; the only chief left from the fight; my brother's host seeking my brother. He knew me, for he and I had clinched in the great fight, but the earth opening parted us, and so both lived. Each felt for each as warriors feel for a brave foe when the red fight is ended and the field of death is heavy. Thus, battle-tired, amid the dead, we lifted hands, palm outward, and met in peace. He knew the language of old France, and I told him of my woe, of our old race, of tribesmen dead, of brother slain by my own hand, and of the doom that waited for us over Mamelons. And then he spoke and told me that which stayed my hand and held me unto further life.

"Seven days I journeyed with him, and on the eighth I came to where she sat, amid his children, in his rude house at Labrador. Never, since God created woman, was one made so beautiful as she. She was of that old Iberian race, whose birth is older than annals, whose men conquered the world and whose women wedded gods. She was a Basque,*

*As far back in time as annals or traditions extend, a race of men called Iberians dwelt on the Spanish peninsula. Winchell says that "these Iberians spread over Spain, Gaul, and the British islands as early as 5000 B. C. When Egypt was only at her fourth dynasty this race had conquered all the world west of the Mediterranean."

They originally settled Sardinia, Italy, and Sicily, and spread northward as far as Norway and Sweden. Strabo says, speaking of a branch of this race: "They employ the art of writing, and have written books containing memorials of ancient times, and also poems and laws set in verse, for which they claim an antiquity of 6000 years. These old Iberians to-day are represented by the Basques. The Basques are fast dying out, and but a small remnant is left. They undoubtedly represent the first race of men. They are proud, merry, and passionate. The women are very beautiful, and noted for their wit, vivacity, and subtle grace of person. They love music, and dance much. Some of their dances are symbolic and connected with their ancient mysteries. Their language is unconnected with any European tongue or dialect; but, strange to say, it is connected by close resemblance, in many words, with the Maiya language of Central America and that of the

and her ancestor's ships had anchored under Mamelons a thousand years before the Breton came. Fresh from the dreadful field, with heart of lead, my brother's face staring whitely at me as I talked, I told her all — the fight, the death of brother and of tribe, and the doom that waited for our blood above the shining sands at Mamelons.

"She listened to the end. Then rose and took my hand and kissed it, saying: 'Brother, I kiss thy hand as head of our house. What's done is done. The dead cannot come back.' Then, covering up her face with her rich laces, she went within the hanging skins, and for seven days was hidden with her woe.

"But when the seven days were passed she came, and we held council. Next morn, with ten canoes deep laden with gold and precious stuffs, that portion of her dower saved from the wreck, we started hitherward. This island, after many days of voyaging, we reached, and landed here, by chance or fate, I know not, for she spake the word that stopped us on this shore, not I. For on this island did my fathers live, and here the fateful cross came to our blood, that cross with France which was not fit; for the traditions of our tribe — a mystery for a thousand years — had said that any cross of red with white should ripen doom at Mamelons; for there it was the white first landed on the shore of this western world.*

"She needed refuge for within her life another life was

Algonquin-Lenape and a few other of our Indian tribes. Duponceau says of the Basque tongue:

"This language, preserved in a corner of Europe by a few thousand Mountaineers, is the sole remaining fragment of perhaps a hundred dialects, constructed on the same plan, which probably existed and were universally spoken at a remote period in that quarter of the world. Like the bones of the mammoth, it remains a monument of the destruction produced by a succession of ages. It stands single and alone of its kind, surrounded by idioms that have no affinity with it."

*The antiquity of European visitation to the St. Lawrence is unascertained, and, perhaps, unascertainable. But there is good reason to think that long before Jacques Cartier, Cabot, or even the Norsemen, ever saw the American continent, the old Basque people carried on a regular commerce in fish and fur with the St. Lawrence. It is not impossible but that Columbus obtained sure knowledge of a western hemisphere from the old race, who dwelt, and had dwelt immemorially, among the mountains of Spain, as well as from the Norse charts. Their language, legends, traditions, and many signs compel one to the conclusion that the old Iberian race, who once held all modern Europe and the British isle in subjection, was of ocean origin, and pushed on the van of an old-time and world-wide navigation beyond the record of modern annals. Both Jacques Cartier and John Cabot found, with astonishment, old Basque names everywhere, as they sailed up the coast, the date of whose connection with the geography of the shores the natives could not tell.

growing. Brooding, she prayed that the new soul within her might not be a boy. 'A boy,' she said, 'must meet the doom foretold. A girl, perchance, might not be held.' Her faith and mine were one, save hers was older, she being of the old trunk stock, of which the world-supporting Tortoise were a branch; and so my blood was later, flowing from noonday fountains; while hers ran warm and red, a pure, sole stream, which burst from out the ponderous front of dead eternity, when, with His living rod, God smote it, in the red sunrise of the world. On this her soul was set, nor could I change her thought with reason, which I vainly tried, lest if the birth should prove a boy, the shock should kill her. But she held stoutly to it, saying:—

"The women of our race get what they crave. My child shall be a woman, and being so, win what she plays for."

"And, lo! she had her wish; for when the babe was born it was a girl."

"All since is known to you, for you, by a strange fate, blown, like the cone of the high pine from the midst of whirlwinds, when forest fires are kindled and the gales made by their heat blow hot a thousand miles across the land, dropped on this island like help from heaven. Twice was I saved from death by thee. Twice was she rescued at the peril of thy life; mother and child, by thy quick hand, snatched out of death. And when the cursed fever came, and she and I lay like two burning brands, you nursed us both, and from your arms at last, her eyes upon you lovingly, her soul unwillingly, under fate, went from us. And her sweet form, instinct with the old grace and passion of that vanished race which once outrivalled heaven's beauty, and won wedlock with the gods, lay on your bosom as some rare rose, touched by untimely frost, while yet its royal bloom is opening to the sun, lies, leaf loosened, a lovely ruin rudely made on the harsh gravel walk."

Here the chief stopped with a gasp, struck through and through with sharp pains. His face whitened and he groaned. The spasm passed, but left him weak. Rallying, with effort, he went on:—

"I must be brief. That spasm was the second. The third will end me. God! How the old stab jumps to-night!"

"Trapper, you know how wide our titles reach. A hun-

dred miles from east to west, from north to south, the manor runs. It is a princely stretch. A time will come when cities will be on it, and its deeds of warranty be worth a kingdom. Would that a boy outside the deadly limits of the cross, but dashed with the old blood in vein and skin, were born to heir the place and live as master on these lakes and hills, on which the mighty chiefs who bore the Tortoise sign upon their breasts when it upheld the world, beyond the years of mortal memory, lived and hunted! For when the doom in the far past, before one of our blood had ever seen the salted shore, was spoken, it was said:

“‘This doom, for sin against the blood, shall not touch one born in the female line from sire without a cross.’

“I tell you, Trapper, a thousand chiefs of the old race would leave their graves and fight again at Mamelons to see the old doom broken, and a boy, with one clear trace of ancient blood in vein and skin, ruling as master here! And I, who die to-night, I and he who gave me death and whom I slew, would rise to lead them!

“John Norton, you I have called; you who have saved my life and whose life I have saved; you, who have stood in battle with me when the red line wavered and we two saved the fight; you who have the wild deer’s foot, the cougar’s strength, whose word once given stands, like a chief’s, the test of fire; you, all white in face, all red at heart, a Tortoise, and yet a man without a cross, have I called half a thousand miles to ask with dying breath this question:

“May not that boy be born, the old race kept alive, the long curse stayed, and ended with my life forever be the doom of Mamelons? Speak, Trapper, friend, comrade in war, in hunt and hall, speak to my failing ear, that I may die exultant and tell the thousand chiefs that throng to greet me in the Spirit-land that the old doom is lifted and a race with blood of theirs in vein and skin shall live and rule forever mid their native hills?”

From the first word the strange tale, half chanted, had rolled onward like the great river flooding upward from the gulf between narrowing banks, with swift and swifter motion, growing pent and tremulous as it flows, until it challenges the base of Cape Tourment with thunder. And not until the dying chief, with headlong haste, had launched the query forth — the solemn query, whose answer would fix the bounds

of fate forever—did the Trapper dream whither the wild tale tended. His face whitened like a dead man's, and he stood dumb—dumb with doubt, and fear, and shame. At last, with effort, as when one lifts a mighty weight, he said, and the words were heaved from out his chest, as great weights from deepest depths: "Chief, ye know not what ye ask. My God! I am not fit!"

Across the swarth face of the dying man there swept a flash of flame, and his glazed eyes lighted with a mighty joy.

"Enough! enough! It is enough!" he cried. "The women of her race will have their way, and she will win thee. God! If I might live to see that brave boy born, the spent fountain of the old race filled again by that rich tide in her which flows red and warm from the sunrise of the world! Nay, nay. Thou shalt not speak again. I leave it in the hands of fate. Before I pass the seeing eye will come, and I shall see if sunlight shines on Mamelons."

He touched a silver bell above his head, and, after pause, the girl, in whom the beauty of her mother and her race lived on, whose form was lithe, but rounded full, whose face was dark as woods, but warmly toned with the old Basque splendor, like wine when light shines through it, type of the two oldest and handsomest races of the world, stood by his side.

Long gazed the chief upon her, a vision too beautiful for earth, too warm for heaven. The light of a great pride was in his eyes, but shaded with mournful pity.

"Last of my race," he murmured. "Last of my blood, farewell! Thou hast thy mother's beauty, and not a trace of the damned cross is on thee. Follow thou thy heart. The women of thy race won so. My feet are on the endless trail blazed by my fathers for ten thousand years. I cannot tarry if I would. I leave thee under care of this just man. Be thou his comfort, as he will be thy shield. There is a chest, thy mother's dying gift, thou knowest where. Open and read, then shalt thou know. Trapper, read thou the ritual of the church above my bier. So shall it please thee. Thou art the only Christian I ever knew who kept his word and did not cheat the red man. Some trace of the old faiths, therefore, there must be in these modern creeds, albeit the holders of them cheat and fight each other. But, daughter of my house, last of my blood, born under shadow, and it may be unto doom, make thou my burial in the old fashion of thy

race, older than mine. These modern creeds and mushroom rituals are not for us whose faiths were born when God was on the earth, and His sons married the daughters of men. So bury me, that I may join the old-time folk who lived near neighbors to this modern God, and married their daughters to His sons."

Here paused he for a space, for the old wound jumped, and life flowed with his blood.

Then suddenly a change came to his face. His eyes grew fixed. He placed one hand above the staring orbs, as if to help them see afar. A moment thus. Then, whispering hoarsely, said:—

"Take thou his hand. Cling to it. The old Tortoise sight at death is coming. I see the past and future. Daughter, I see thee now, and by thy side, thy arms around his neck, his arms round thee, the man without a cross! Aye. She was right. 'The women of my race get what they crave.' Girl, thou hast won! Rejoice, rejoice and sing. But, oh! My God! My God! John Norton! Look! Daughter, last of my blood, in spite of all, in spite of all, above thy head hangs, breaking black, the doom of Mamelons!"

And with these words of horror on his lips, the chief, whose bosom bore the Tortoise sign, who killed his brother under doom at Mamelons, fell back stone dead.

So died he. Three days went by in silence. Then did the two build high his bier in the great hall, and place him on it, stripped like a warrior, to his waist, for so he charged the Trapper it should be. Thus sitting in the great chair of cedar, hewn to the fragrant heart, in the wide hall, hound at feet, the Tortoise showing plainly on his breast, a fire of great knots, gummed with odorous pitch, blazing on the hearth, the two, each by the faith that guided, made, for the dead chief of a dead tribe, strange funeral.

And first, the Trapper, standing by the bier, gazed long and steadfastly at the dead man's face. Then the girl, going to the mantel, reached for a book and placed it in his hand and stood beside him.

Then, after pause, he read:—

"I am the resurrection and the Life."

And the liturgy, voiced deeply and slowly read, as by one who readeth little and labors with the words, sounded through the great hall solemnly.

Then the girl, standing by his side, in the splendor of her beauty, the lights shining warmly on the dark glory of her face, lifted up her voice—a voice fugitive from heaven's choir—and sang the words the Trapper had intoned:—

"I am the resurrection and the Life."

And her rich tones, pure as note of hermit-thrush cleaving the still air of forest swamps; clear as the song of morning lark singing in the dewy sky, rose to the hewn rafters and swelled against the compressing roof as if they would break out of such imprisonment, and roll their waves of sound afar and upward until they mingled with kindred tones in heaven.

Again the Trapper:—

"He who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!"

And again the marvellous voice pealed forth the words of everlasting hope, as if from the old race that lived in the dawn of the world, whose blood was in her rich and red, had come to her the memory of the music they had heard run thrilling through the happy air when the stars of the morning sang together for joy.

Alas, that such a voice from the old days of soul and song should lie smothered forever beneath the sand of Mamelons!

Thus the first part. For the Trapper, like a Christian man without cross, would give his dead friend holy burial. Then came a pause. And for a space the two sat silent in the great hall, while the pitch knots flamed and flared their splashes of red light through the gloom.

Then rose the girl and took the Trapper's place at the dead man's feet. Her hair, black with a glossy blackness, swept the floor. A jewel, large and lustrous, an heirloom of her mother's race, old as the world, burning with Atlantean flame, a miracle of stone-imprisoned fire, blazed on her brow. The large gloom of her eyes was turned upon the dead man's face, and the sadness of ten thousand years of life and loss was darkly orbed within their long and heavy lashes. Her small, swarth hands hung lifeless at her side, and the bowed contour of her face drooped heavy with grief. Thus she, clothed in black cloth from head to foot, as if that old past, whose child she was, stood shrouded in her form, ready to make wail for the glory of men and the beauty of women it had seen buried forever in the silent tomb.

Thus stood she for a time, as if she held communion with the grave and death. Then opened she her mouth, and in the mode when song was language, she poured her feelings forth in that old tongue, which, like some fragrant fragment of sweet wood, borne northward by great ocean currents out of southern seas, for many days storm-tossed, but lodged at last on some far shore and found by those who only sense the sweetness, but know not whence it came, lies lodged to-day upon the mountain slopes of Spain. Thus, in the old Basque tongue, sweet fibre of lost root, unknown to moderns, but soft, and sad, and wild with the joy, the love, the passion of ten thousand years, this child of the old past and the old faiths, lifted up her voice and sang:—

“O death! I hate thee! Cold thou art and dreadful to the touch of the warm hand and the sweet lips which, drawn by love’s dear habit, stoop to kiss the mouth for the long parting. Cold, cold art thou, and at thy touch the blood of men is chilled and the sweet glow in woman’s bosom frozen forever. Thou art great nature’s curse. The grape hates thee. Its blood of fire can neither make thee laugh, nor sing, nor dance. The sweet flower, and the fruit which ripens on the bough, nursing its juices from the maternal air, and the bird singing his love-song to his mate amid the blossoms—hate thee! At touch of thine, O slayer! the flower fades, the fruit withers and falls, and the bird drops dumb into the grasses. Thou art the shadow on the sunshine of the world; the skeleton at all feasts; the marplot of great plans; the stench which fouls all odors; the slayer of men and the murderer of women. O death! I, child of an old race, last leaf from a tree that shadowed the world, warm in my youth, loving life, loving health, loving love. O death! how I hate thee!”

Thus she sang, her full tones swelling fuller as she sang, until her voice sent its clear challenge bravely out to the black shadow on the sunshine of the world and the dread fate she hated.

Then did she a strange thing; a rite known to the morning of the world when all the living lived in the east and the dead went westward.

She took a gourd, filled to the brown brim, and placed it in the dead man’s stiffened hand, then laid a rounded loaf beside his knee, and on a plate of copper at his feet—ser-

pent edged, and in the centre a pictured island lying low and long in the blue seas, bold with bluff mountains toward the east, but sinking westward until it ran from sight under the ocean's rim, a marvel of old art in metal working, lost for aye — she placed a living coal, and on it, from a golden acorn, at her throat, which opened at touch, she shook a dust, which, falling on the coal burned rosy red and filled the hall with languorous odors sweet as Heaven. Then at triumphant pose, she stood and sang:

Water for thy thirst I have given,
Hurry on! hurry on!
Bread for thy hunger beside thee,
Speed away! speed away!
Fire for thy need at thy feet,
Mighty chief, fly fast and fly far
To the land where thy father and clansmen are waiting.
Odor and oil for the woman thou lovest,
Sweet and smooth may she be on thy breast,
When her soft arms enfold thee.

O death! thou art cheated!
He shall thirst never more;
He shall eat and be filled;
The fire at his feet will revive him;
Oil and odor are his for the woman he loves;
He shall live, he shall live on forever
With his sires and his people.
He shall love and be loved and be happy.

O! death grim and great,
O! death stark and cold,
By a child of the old race that first lived
And first met thee;
The race that lived first, still lives
And will live forever.
By the child of the old blood, by a girl!
Thou art cheated!

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE PRESENT.

I DO not share the opinion recently advanced by a well-known writer wherein he maintained that "the present belonged to the dreamers." To me it appears that the hour of prophecy and dreaming is fast vanishing before the more certain light of active thought. Yesterday men dreamed; to-day they are thinking; to-morrow they will act. There are two elements in life to-day from which we can expect nothing, at least until society has been regenerated. One is found in the lowest walks of life where the animal instinct so far eclipses reason that one sometimes wonders whether there remains aught but instinct; and the other is the gay, selfish, butterfly element in the society life of our great cities, that which thinks of little that does not relate to self-gratification. From these we do not look for even dreams that are born of souls yearning for a nobler existence and loftier ideals, but outside these two elements the present hour is marked by earnest and awakened public thought. The profound depths of man's nature are being moved as is only the case before some great moral upheaval; some great struggle that marks an onward step for humanity. The problem of capital and labor forms a striking illustration of this deep-rooted agitation that is visible in the various fields of thought and departments of life. The time when men toiled patiently without once questioning the justice of their lot has happily departed forever. The influx of light that came with the printing-press, the influence of popular education and the increased wants which the possession of this knowledge and the demands of the present civilization have awakened in the rank and file of the bread winners, have made them an army of active thinkers. Nay more, a determined band with eyes fixed upon a higher justice than wealth or rank has as yet conceded them. To-day from the artisan to the philosopher men are thinking, talking, and proposing measures to avert a national catastrophe, which thinking people realize must come

unless some more equitable adjustment of the social problem be speedily reached. The unprecedented sale of Henry George's works on social problems; the formation of "single tax" societies throughout the land; the almost simultaneous appearance of numerous journals devoted to the exposition of multitudinous means and measures calculated to relieve the condition of the masses and abridge the almost supreme power of the money kings; the marvellous sale of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which according to the publishers some weeks ago was averaging one thousand copies a week; the rapid growth of numerous Socialistic and Nationalistic societies throughout the length and breadth of the land;—these are signs which reveal most eloquently the fact that the moral nature of man is being awakened; that the higher impulses are being quickened. And what is true in reference to the labor problem is also true in a certain degree of other great social and ethical questions which are pressing upon society for solution, as for instance, popular education, where we note the rapid growth of sentiment in favor of industrial schools and an awakening appreciation of the value of moral education. The fact is we are rapidly nearing one of those great crises which ever mark the recognition and acceptance of a vital truth, and which distinctively indicates the upward trend of civilization. What then is our duty? to agitate, to compel men to think; to point out wrongs inflicted on the weak and helpless; to impress higher ideals on the plastic mind of childhood; to labor at all times and in all places for the triumph of that which is pure and noble, unselfish and humane; to stimulate a love for truth, for liberty and justice; to encourage learning but frown upon bigotry; to demand the broadest possible liberty compatible with public safety; to infringe on the rights of no man; and impress upon others by life as well as teaching, the supreme loveliness of the spirit of toleration.

These are duties that devolve on every one who catches the spirit of the hour and would help the world onward. We may labor in different fields, we may entertain views that are widely unlike, our paths may not lie side by side, yet if these aims, motives, and impulses guide and govern us, each will contribute his or her quota to the consummation of a new triumph for humanity, a prophecy of which may even now be seen purpling the East.

SHALL WE CONTINUE TO KILL OUR FELLOWMEN?

In this issue Mr. Pentecost, who is nothing if not radical, enters a vigorous protest against what he terms the Crime of Capital Punishment. It is one of the many inspiring signs of the times that earnest thinking men and women are coming more and more to realize how revolting is this legacy of a barbarous past, this assumed right on the part of the government to take a human life, this crime against justice in whose name the measure is executed. For justice considered from a high moral plane—and in the presence of so grave a question as that involving human life, we certainly have no right to regard it in any other light—demands that when a criminal is judged, all the extenuating circumstances shall be taken into consideration. Were this rule observed, the victim of the law would seldom appear in so bad a light as the government that passed the sentence. Let me illustrate this thought: a man commits murder: the government in turn sentences the man to death. Here we have two parties who have presumed to take a human life. In the first instance the criminal by the great law of heredity has in all probability to a great extent inherited the vices and criminal instincts of his ancestors; by early home association rife with sin and degradation, the young nature has been warped toward criminality, while the public nurseries of sin and schools of vice, which every intelligent person admits to be unmitigated evils, but which the State and society tolerate, and in some instances license, have fed the baser instincts while they smothered the nobler impulses. These prime causes, or some of them, will be found to have operated strongly in almost every case where the murderer has not committed the crime while intoxicated or in the frenzy of passion. While by a grievous fault on the part of society the limited public schooling received, if any, has wrought little good in the way of counteracting these baneful outside influences, for it has given him nothing beyond a scant intellectual training, leaving the moral nature to wither, dry up, and die. Inheriting such a birthright, reared in the midst of such adverse and ruinous influences; knowing so much of night, seeing so little of day, we find this poor wretch, who in the very nature of the case does not begin to comprehend the value and sanctity of life, committing murder,

for which he should be punished but *not slain*. So much for the first criminal. Now let us glance at the other party who has taken a human life. The government, supposed to represent the loftiest embodiment of wisdom and justice; to breathe forth in its laws the highest conception of right and equity; to know the priceless worth of a human soul and to fully appreciate how dear life is to all and how inconceivably awful death is to a darkened spirit;—this government which we are asked to believe is so thoroughly awake to the impulses of the highest civilization; so imbued with the spirit of justice, wisdom, and love, sitting in judgment on this miserable, sin-diseased nature that from the blackness of its own moral night has stricken a fatal blow; this august representative of justice sentences to a horrible death the wretched criminal, thus emphasizing in a startling manner the law of retaliation by sending a deathless soul into the great unknown, clothed in sin, degradation, and crime.

Viewed from a high ethical standpoint, is not the fact plain that two great wrongs have been committed? If this is true, the question now arises, upon the shoulders of which party rests the greatest guilt? A most solemn thought. There are many extenuating circumstances in the first instance, but what can be said in justification of the government? Only this, the criminal had committed murder and society must be protected. If, however, it can be shown that society can be protected without the taking of human life; if we can prove that the criminal can be punished and possibly redeemed while being punished, then the *only* excuse is swept away, while the fact remains that the government, clothed in light and wisdom, has cruelly and deliberately taken a human life.

That it is necessary to protect society against dangerous individuals is admitted by all. That it is necessary to punish crime in order to restrain a certain class of undeveloped natures is equally true, but in the punishment of the evil-doer there should enter no thought of revenge. The idea of retaliation belongs to an essentially savage age. There should be no punishment of crime that does not look toward the redemption of the criminal. Because society has to be protected from madmen we must not infer that the insane should be put to death. And what is crime? Moral insanity—nothing more. A disease of the soul. Nothing has been

more clearly demonstrated than that capital punishment does not prevent murder. While on the other hand it has been proven time and again that society may be properly protected from its offenders by our penitentiaries. If it is urged that the pardoning power is frequently abused, we answer that it would be a little matter to make certain conditions wherein the executive clemency could extend only to those cases where the innocence of the condemned had been established, or where the general voice of the people demanded the release of the prisoner. Abolish capital punishment and make our penitentiaries great moral and industrial universities, where every effort shall look toward the development of the moral and spiritual elements of the inmates, where the prisoner will have to work hard and steadily at some employment that in and of itself shall carry an ennobling and educating influence. This treatment certainly would be far more in harmony with the impulses of our present civilization than our present brutal treatment of criminals. The lines on which the government should act in every case involving punishment for crime should be those of redemption instead of destruction. The sin-degraded should have opportunities never before enjoyed of high moral education for eternity. In reply to those who argue that such would not be punishment enough, I urge that just in proportion as we quicken the conscience and awaken the moral nature of the criminal we increase the intensity of his suffering. But by punishment of this character we are saving instead of destroying life, not only for this world but for eternity. By placing our criminals in the midst of a pure and inspiring atmosphere, treating them with the kindness that would have made useful men of them had they received it either at home or at the hands of the State when they were children, we appeal to the highest element of their nature. We touch their conscience. Then day by day as they grow, the enormity of their crime will necessarily be unfolded before them and they cannot fail to suffer. But the punishment that is born of this suffering is in perfect harmony with the great moral laws that govern man's being. There is nothing savage, cruel or barbarous about it. It carries with it an inspiring influence that bears humanity upward. It is in harmony with the highest impulses of the present day.

THE GREAT NEED OF ETHICAL CULTURE.

Great as has been the development of our moral nature in certain directions, the fact remains that intellectual growth has far outstripped our ethical development. This is probably largely owing to the reaction which followed the rigid and unreasonable rule of our forefathers who framed and executed with such grim pleasure the blue laws. Recoiling from the cruelty and brutality of that age, men and women came to confuse the intolerant and non-progressive views of the ultra religionists of olden days with the great principles that underlie the highest morality and true spirituality, and in their desire to free themselves from the bondage of the one failed to recognize the importance of the other.

Thus while the intellectual facilities have rapidly expanded until our attainments in this realm may well challenge the admiration of all ages, our moral development has fallen so far short of keeping abreast with the march of mind, that one is constantly startled when brought face to face with the real status of society, such for instance as is revealed in the Register General's report for 1888, in which he shows from actual statistics that *one person in every five who die annually in the great Christian city of London perish in the poorhouse, the hospital or the madhouse.*

If during the past four generations the broad, healthful, and ennobling principles of ethical culture had found proper emphasis in the schoolroom, and had the church instead of quarreling over the doubtful meaning of the letter of the law taught her children the spirit of charity and unselfishness, together with that fine sense of tolerance, and that appreciation of truth and honor that is the sign royal of true manhood, the spirit of unrest which is everywhere felt at the present time would be conspicuous by its absence, for poverty would be decreasing before a broadening spirit of unselfishness. What then is to be done? Emphasize morality. Let the principles of ethics be inculcated at the fireside, in the school, in the press, and on the rostrum. This great duty appeals to the soul of every man and woman who even in a degree appreciates the crying need of the hour. Everyone has a measure of influence and that influence, feeble though it seem, may reach down for generations to come, carrying a blessing to unnumbered lives.